

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

[THE renewed interest in Powers and his works excited by the arrival of his "Greek slave" in this country, induces us to copy the following account of him and them, written some time since for a Magazine by Mr. Edward Everett.—*Daily Advertiser*.]

Having spoken of Mr. Greenough and his productions in a former number, we propose to devote the present to some remarks on the works of Mr. Powers, another distinguished American sculptor, residing in Italy. Although it is but a few years since Mr. Powers can be said to have commenced the pursuit of his art, he is already to be regarded less as a sculptor of the highest promise, than as one of the highest reputation. It is but about three years since he went to Florence. Before that period, he had scarcely executed anything in marble; and since his arrival in Italy, he has given much of his attention to the busts which he had modelled in America, and yet he has already attained the name and standing of a master. We do not know any way in which we can do justice to Mr. Powers, and convey to our readers a just idea of his merit, and of the estimation in which he is held by good judges abroad, so effectually, as by translating an article from the *Giornale Arcadico*, for the month of October, 1840. This is a highly respectable scientific and literary journal, published at Rome. The article which we propose to lay before our readers, is written by Professor Migliarini, of the Grand Ducal Gallery at Florence, one of the most learned archæologists of the day. The biographical facts were probably furnished to him by some well informed American, and are in the main correct. We translate the article for the most part literally, but have occasionally added a few words, for the sake of rendering the sense more apparent. It is entitled

"THE YOUNG AMERICAN SCULPTOR, MR. HIRAM POWERS.—The history of the fine arts, expatiating in a region most delightful to the human mind, has constantly awakened more and more of the attention of observers, presenting them a succession of pleasing results, almost entirely free from the sources of painful reflection so frequently encountered in other narrations. The portion which regards the preliminary training, designed to put the pupil on the road, which will conduct him to the desired goal, was early attended to for the direction of studious youth; and among the various suggestions to this end, we find expressions of the admiration excited by some rare geniuses, who have attained celebrity without the guidance of a skilful master. I propose at present to treat this last topic, in reference to sculpture exclusively.

"Pliny,\* upon the authority of Duris, relates of Lysippus, that he became a great master without having been the disciple of any one, although he informs us that Cicero differed on this point. If the passage of Cicero which Pliny had in his mind, is that with which we are all familiar, we must suppose Pliny to have misapprehended its purport.

\* Lysippum Sicyonium, Duris negat, Tollius fuisse discipulum affirmat. Plin. H. N. xxxiv. 19, 6.

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Cicero says that Lysippus recognized the *lance bearer* of Polyclethus as his master.\* He could not, however, have intended that a single statue of a young man had served him as a guide in the great variety of characters required for his very numerous productions. Neither is there reason to suppose that in any of his lost works, Cicero expressed a different opinion on the subject of Lysippus from what he has done in this passage, which, as far as it bears on the question whether Lysippus had a master, in the ordinary sense of the word, would rather lead to an inference directly opposite to that which Pliny drew from it.

"It may be advantageous, meantime, to retrace the few traditions which remain to us of Lysippus.† In the first place, we know that in his youth he was employed in the establishment of a bronze founder; here we may suppose that he was led by inclination to make a commencement in sculpture. Doubtful, however, as to the choice of a preceptor, he determined to take counsel of a competent and unprejudiced adviser. For this purpose he applied to Eupompus, an aged painter, the master of Pamphilus, who was at that time the teacher of the young Apelles. Eupompus was probably acquainted with the disposition of Lysippus, and when asked by the latter whom he should follow of preceding masters, Eupompus replied by pointing to a group of men who stood near; wishing to teach him that nature herself was to be imitated in her immense variety, and not artists in their peculiar manner. 'He who follows another,' says the great Michael Angelo, 'will never get before him.' It may be considered, therefore, as a principle, that the imitation of any former master, however excellent, is to be avoided, in order that the artist may not become the grand-child, rather than the child, of nature. This rule, however, is not to prevent the young artist from learning of masters how to imitate nature in the best and shortest way, taking advantage of their long experience.

"This principle, at the present day, requires a little further explanation to guard it against the misconceptions of those who recommend an imitation of nature as it is, without choice or judgment, not to mention that there are some who even extol nature in her defects. But we are not to lose sight of what has been so often mentioned as to the great diversity between the Greeks and ourselves—between their manners and ours; and how much more easy it was with them to procure models than with us; and consequently how much less difficulty attended the imitation of nature's choicest forms. But let us look a little further, and see the sort of imitation of nature which Lysippus practised. He reached such celebrity, as to be included in the trio that had the exclusive privilege of making the likeness of Alexander the Great.‡ He himself was

\* Polycleti Doryphorum sibi Lysippus aiebat magistrum fuisse. Cicero in Brut. 86.

† Sed primo ærarium fabrum audendi rationem capisse pictoris Eupompi responso. Eum enim interrogantem quem sequeretur antea dentium, dixisse demonstrata hominum multitudine, Naturam ipsam, imitandam esse non artificem. Plin. loc. cit.

‡ Apelles in painting, Lysippus in bronze statues, and Pirgoteles in intaglios.

accustomed to say, 'that his predecessors had represented men as they are, but he had represented them as they ought to be'—a description of his style which has passed without contradiction. We are not to infer from this description of his own manner that Lysippus was not a diligent student of nature; but that, in his study of nature, he sought the *ideal*—that perfect form of which nature is too avaricious to bestow it, in all its parts, on any one individual. The reader will pardon this digression while I return to my theme.

"It is also narrated of Silanion, that he acquired fame without the guide of a master.† To this proposition Falconet subjoins the following judicious observation. 'In order to make this circumstance astonishing, it would be necessary to suppose that Silanion was born and lived in a corner of the earth where he had never seen statues or pictures; but in the centre of Greece, and among the chef d'œuvres of art, in the age of Alexander, when he was surrounded by the most famous artists, there is nothing to be surprised at in such a fact.'

"But the example which I am now going to relate, includes the conditions required by Falconet, and may be considered as without a parallel, and therefore worthy of all attention.

"In a remote, and as far as the fine arts are concerned, uncultivated part of America, inhabited by husbandmen and shepherds, in the village of Woodstock, in Vermont, Mr. Hiram Powers was born, about the year 1805. It happened to him in his youth to be removed to the neighborhood of Cincinnati in Ohio, then a village, but now a considerable city. By this change of place, he gained little or nothing, in reference to the development of his latent capacity. On the contrary, he soon had the misfortune to be deprived of his father, and left without means of support. Constrained by this disaster to embrace whatever mode of livelihood first offered itself, he engaged in the construction and superintendence of the mechanism of a public exhibition at Cincinnati.

"An inward feeling, however, convinced him, that this was not his destiny; he formed a conception in his mind of something like sculpture, while yet ignorant of the very existence of that art. So strong was this passion, that if he had not afterwards found the art in use, he would himself have invented it. The flexible materials on which he made his first experiments, particularly wax, did not give him full satisfaction. He reached the age of seventeen years, in this state of restless desire; when he saw a single bust in plaster, the head of Washington, an ordinary work, which, however, attracted his profound attention.

"After a considerable interval and many struggles, he met, at Cincinnati, with an individual who possessed some knowledge of the art of sculpture, and modelled in clay the likenesses of one or two public characters. He learned from him the general method, the material adapted to it, and the mode of taking a cast from a model. This was for Powers a most happy discovery, and one that seemed to realize his vision.

"Eagerly to endeavor to imitate the works of this individual; then to make an attempt from life, first with a view to equal and then to surpass what he had seen; finally to succeed in making beautiful likenesses, such certainly as he had witnessed no

example of before; all this was so rapidly accomplished, that it is not easy to relate the steps of the progress, so swift was his flight, borne on the pinions of a happy genius.

"If this artist, urged by native inclination, had succeeded in imitating nature servilely, though with exactness, it would not have been matter of great astonishment. But at the very first glance, Mr. Powers rose to the just conception of a kind of representation which should contain, in union with all the characteristic parts, the natural and expressive spirit of each individual. He has dedicated himself to the preservation of the whole character, while at the same time he imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin; so that he might be called the Denner of sculpture. He spares no pains to make every head preserve, in every the smallest part, that harmonious type—composed at once of unity and variety, which belongs to itself; a special quality of nature which escapes the eye of many. Such a union of rare capacities becomes marvellous in one who could have no previous knowledge of the labors of the Greeks, nor of the works of Donatello, of Mino di Fiesole, and Gambarelli.

"Employing himself with ever new delight in modelling in clay, he passed through several considerable cities of his native country, and reached Washington at a fortunate moment. Congress was then in session, composed of some of the most respectable persons in the United States. Among its members and the men of distinction collected at Washington at the same time, Mr. Powers had ample opportunity to exercise his talent in making busts. Among those whose acquaintance he made at the seat of government, were persons who had visited Europe and possessed some notions of the fine arts. This is equivalent to saying, that he met here with those who were competent judges of the merit of his labors.

"Perceiving that he was not likely to want employment, he wisely determined to repair to Italy, for the purpose of executing his works in marble, and perfecting himself in his art. Arrived at Florence, he applied himself to the management of the marble with the same zeal which had animated him in the previous steps of his progress. When the accustomed instruments employed by sculptors seemed to him not as perfect as they might be, he contrived others. He proceeded rapidly in executing the busts which he had brought with him, in a style which commanded the admiration of the connoisseurs who beheld them.

"The reputation of the portraits of Apelles is well known.\* They were considered so like their originals, in all respects, that the physiognomists of that day were able to form their prognostics upon them as accurately as on the examination of the living individual. In like manner the busts of Mr. Powers challenge a similar scrutiny, on the part of those, who, under other names, and with other objects, employ themselves in similar judgments of character, at the present day; and who will find great reason to maintain that his heads may be studied like the portraits of Apelles, though destitute of those indications of character which depend on changes of color.

"In fact, on a certain occasion, when I was care-

\* Vulgoque dicebat, ab illis factos quales essent homines; a se quales viderentur esse. Plin. loc. cit.

† Silanion. In hoc mirabile, quod nullo doctore nobilis fuit ipse. Plin. xxxiv. 5, 19.

\* Imagines adeo similitudinis indiscretæ pinxit, ut (incredibile dictu.) Apion grammaticus scriptum reliquerit, quendam ex facie hominum divinantem (quos *metoposcopos* vocant) ex iis dixisse aut futuræ mortis annos aut præteritæ. Plin. xxxv. 36, 14.

fully examining the busts of Mr. Powers, there was an individual present who had perhaps some tincture of this science,\* and who said to me with enthusiasm, 'Do you see that head! What penetration! How expressive those features! That must be a new Demosthenes! This has the undoubted likeness of an incorruptible guardian of the laws. That face, full of calm, though mixed with energy, has the qualities of a dictator,' &c. As I was occupied solely with the art, I listened with little attention to these remarks, and took but little interest in them, as I was unacquainted even with the names of the individuals whose busts I was contemplating. If the conjectures of character made by this person in my hearing, and by others who have examined in the like manner the heads of Mr. Powers, approach the truth, the fact would furnish a new illustration of Pliny's remark, that it is the admirable prerogative of the art of sculpture, that it gives greater celebrity to famous men.†

"There are few examples of works like these at the present day, because many artists have thought it best to execute busts in the heroic style, (as did many of the ancients,) without seeking extreme individual likeness. Though rare, however, there are some distinguished modern instances. And in this connection, I cannot pass in silence the magnificent and I may say colossal likeness of Pope Rezzonico, in St. Peters, by Canova. With the permission of the detractors of that celebrated artist, it cannot be denied that he has surpassed himself in this venerable image, where devotion is identified with the character of the head on whose vast superficies the artist had ample room to express the most fugitive movements of the skin, preserving, however, the *grandiose* character of the whole, in a manner that makes it rather seem the work of the pencil of Titian, than that of a sculptor's chisel.

"I will endeavor, in conclusion, to anticipate the timid judgment of those sophistical critics, who, admitting—what many connoisseurs have cordially granted—the superiority of Mr. Powers as a skillful maker of busts, may yet be slow to allow him the name of a perfect sculptor, in consequence of his not having produced works in the more important branches of the art. To such objectors I would reply, that they must consider that his progress has been so rapid and impetuous, in the field in which he commenced, as to have left him no leisure as yet for other labors. Meantime he no longer inhabits a distant region, where the arts are in their infancy; nor does he any longer want the aid of examples of excellence, and the necessary information. He who has been able to make such progress without a master, will easily achieve whatever is yet wanting, now that he is placed in a situation more favorable to his progress. It may be also added that he has already commenced the model of a nude statue, which we may well flatter ourselves will be carried on to its perfection, equally with any other work which Mr. Powers may undertake.

"Wherever there is the gift of a happy genius, joined with assiduity and a passion for the chosen art, together with the modesty necessary for a constant search after improvement, there it is safe to predict a complete and easy success."

A. M. MIGLIARINI.

The foregoing estimate of the talent of our distinguished countryman becomes still more satisfac-

\* Phrenology.

† *Mirumque in hac arte est, quod nobiliss viros nobiliores facit.* Plin. xxxiv. 19, 14.

tory, when we reflect that it is a characteristic of the Italians, remarked upon two centuries ago, by Milton,\* not to be forward to bestow written encomiums on men of this side the Alps. We have not the least wish to receive ungraciously the praise of Mr. Migliarini, which, we are sure, is bestowed in good faith and with good will; but it is not only not the language of a panegyrist, but evidently framed with some care to avoid shocking national partialities and the sensibility of eminent contemporaries, among his own countrymen. He weighs every word in the golden scales of a learned criticism; and yet not only institutes an elaborate comparison between Mr. Powers' case and that of Lysippus, but justly states that the case of our countryman, in attaining so high a degree of excellence not only without a master properly so called, but without the advantage of a general contemplation of the works of other sculptors, is *without a parallel*.

A few statements in Mr. Migliarini's article invite one or two words by way of explanation.

The mechanical exhibition at Cincinnati in the construction and superintendence of which Mr. Powers passed some years of his youth, though seemingly an humble field, required a high degree of talent. Nothing could be more successful in its way, no great proof, it is true, of merit. Mr. Powers lavished on the wax-work figures and groups, the first energies of that plastic skill, which will live forever in his marble. Some of his moving figures were brought to perfection by months of assiduous labor, and the application of the most ingenious mechanical contrivances. There is no doubt that his noviciate in this humble sphere was an excellent school for the development of the mechanical skill, which he possesses in an eminent degree. He was at a later period employed by Maelzel to repair some of his automata. Mr. Migliarini alludes to the readiness with which Mr. Powers contrived new instruments of sculpture, when those in common use failed to give him the effect which he desired to produce. He has invented and manufactured several such instruments both for the clay and marble, to the use of which may be ascribed a portion of the wonderful softness which he gives to his flesh.

It is stated by Mr. Migliarini, that Mr. Powers represents in his marble the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin. Without explanation, a statement like this would convey an erroneous idea of his manner. Should Mr. Powers become—as he already is to some extent—the acknowledged head of a school of art, his injudicious disciples might run into such an imitation; as the characteristic excellence of every great master is sure to be pushed by his followers to extremes. His principle, as practised by himself, we understand to be to reproduce the man in the best and most accustomed expression of his character. To attain this end, whatever is essentially characteristic in the original, must be preserved, whether it be great or small, feature or wrinkle. The consummate skill of the artist is shown in thus selecting what is thus characteristic; however seemingly inconsiderable, and still more in making these innumerable details work together toward the uniform and appropriate expression and life of the whole. The affair of "porosities" reduces itself to this;—many of the ancient sculptors, and perhaps most of those who flourished at the revival of the art, polished the surface of their statues and busts. However appropriate this may be to the conceptions formed of the bodies of the an-

\* Reason of church government urged against prelates.



cient heathen divinities, the glassy effect impairs the resemblance of works representing human originals. Some modern artists accordingly do not polish the surface of the marble, although they give it a smoothness unlike the natural appearance at least of those portions of the skin exposed to the air. Mr. Powers, with instruments of his own contrivance, gives to the surface of his marble a delicate roughness (if roughness it can be called) which absolutely counterfeits flesh, and produces an illusion not merely beyond anything we have seen in the works of Donatello, Mino di Fiesole, or Gambarelli (whom Mr. Migliarini names in this connection,) but beyond anything we have witnessed from the chisel of any other artist.

Since the article we have just laid before our readers was written, Mr. Powers has very nearly completed the model of the statue, alluded to in its conclusion; he has executed in marble an ideal head of great beauty, and has projected two or three other works. The first statue represents the mother of mankind, contemplating the apple which she holds in her right hand, after having so far listened to the tempter as to pluck the fruit. It is a moment not dwelt upon by Milton; but it seems to us a fine conception to establish an interval between plucking and eating the fruit. The face and form, as becomes the parent of our race at this period, before the fatal act is consummated, are intended to exhibit a specimen of perfect symmetry and beauty. The countenance combines the expression of an ardent desire to enjoy the forbidden fruit, with that of thoughtfulness at the consequences which had been denounced. The left hand holds the fruit which she reserves for Adam. The hair falls partly down the back, and is partly arrested on the right shoulder; and in the plan of the work, the insidious foe—not yet modelled—pressing close to her person, but not full in her view, watches with devilish eagerness the workings of her mind. We conceive that it would be improper, in the present state of this great work, to make it the subject even of a complimentary criticism. We will only add, that it is thus far the fruit of the most laborious study, the acutest observation, and profound thought. It contains nothing traditional—nothing copied from the Grecian or the Italian antique. It is a fresh conception, an original study of nature, examined with the most unwearied attention, with the purest taste and a sound judgment.

The ideal head named above, of which Mr. Powers has executed more than one copy in marble, was undertaken by him as the most effectual answer which could be given to those who questioned his possessing any other talent than that of a maker of busts. It is usually called "Ginevra," and the conception was suggested by the lovely and well known description in Mr. Rogers' Italy. Mr. Powers has preserved as much of the picture sketched by the Nestor of the English Parnassus, as is adapted to representation in marble, and could be introduced into a bust:

"She sits, inclining forward, as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As though she said 'Beware!'  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls.

"But then her face  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart,  
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody.

"She was an only child, her name Ginevra,  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father,  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride.  
She was all gentleness, all gayety."

There is nothing in the sculpture intended to recall the tragical part of the story. Faultless beauty, bridal gentleness, the gayety of the only daughter of her father, the sweet innocence of the morning of life, these are the elements of Mr. Powers' idealization of Ginevra.

Mr. Powers has planned some other works, among them a sea-boy on the shore, holding a shell to his ear, and listening to the forebodings which it gives of the storm. This is not a recent conception on his part, which we mention by way of establishing his claim to the originality of the idea, as the subject of a work of art. He has also projected a work representing a Grecian maiden, exposed for sale in a Turkish slave market. Our readers will perceive, at once, the extreme beauty and capacity of these subjects.

Our country has much to boast of in Mr. Powers; we hope he will have as much to be grateful for to his country. The bust of the late Chief Justice Marshall, of heroic size—a most splendid work—for which the price paid by congress was but little more than the value of the marble, labor and time, at journeyman's wages, bestowed upon it, is hitherto the extent of the public patronage accorded to him. We are sure this can only be, because opportunities have not presented themselves for more important commissions. It is not thus that America means to encourage her Lysippuses. It is really cruel to keep a master like this on the drudgery of private bust making, which, after all, at the usual prices, is labor poorly paid.

Meantime, and till something more worthy of Mr. Powers' talent is proposed, we would observe that he has now on hand very perfect models of the busts of presidents John Quincy Adams and Van Buren, and an admirable bust of General Jackson in marble, of heroic size. What could congress do better than order these three busts on suitable pedestals, at handsome prices, for the rotunda of the capital, with Clevenger's bust of General Harrison to accompany them? A row of the busts of the presidents of the United States, to be placed around that magnificent hall, between the pictures, or at a proper distance in front of them, would furnish a very appropriate ornament for the rotunda, and surround, in a very becoming manner, the statue of Washington in the centre. President Jefferson's bust, by Caracchi, might be removed from the library to the rotunda, to take its place in the row. The other presidents—Adams the elder, Madison and Monroe, could at any time be added. As to the four named—one of which, Jackson, is already finished, and the other three modelled, they could be furnished in three months. This we trust is an affair which could in no case awaken any political feeling; but it happens luckily that the four presidents are equally divided between the two parties.

Will not the state of Vermont assert her peculiar interest in Powers, as the state which gave him birth? North Carolina has gained herself the highest praise by employing, at great expense, the chisel of an Italian artist to furnish her a statue of Washington. If Vermont should call upon her gifted son to execute for her state-house statues of the heroes of Ticonderoga and Bennington, she would both do herself lasting honor, and bestow upon the country works of art, which would do no discredit to the studio either of Canova or any living sculptor.



From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 3.

## SHUTTING UP THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

INVERNESS, MONDAY—Since I last wrote the royal doings at Ardverrick have not soared beyond the level of court circular movements. Wonderful as it may appear to common people, the queen and the prince are amusing themselves very much in the fashion in vogue amongst ordinary English ladies and gentlemen making an autumnal sojourn amongst heather.

There is shooting, fishing, walking, riding, and driving, pleasantly and profitably varied by breakfasting, lunching, dining, supping, and sleeping.

What have the world to do with the exact number of grouse which have tumbled before the prince's double-barrel, and is it a matter of historic import to know whether the steps of her majesty's highland pony have been traced upon the green sward round the lodge, or amidst the purple heather on the hills above it?

Let me rather try if I cannot now, while people are thinking and talking of the hills, strike out some topic more or less connected with them, and which may prove at least as profitable to your readers as the outgoings and incomings of Gen. Wemyss, or the nursery evolutions of the little prince and princess of the blood.

Well, to make the effort. In approaching Loch Laggan from Fort William the traveller will not fail to notice the two huge mountains which fling back their dun masses from the lower extremity of the lake. These great hills form part of the hunting grounds of the Marquess of Abercorn, and Prince Albert has, I believe, been playing at deer-stalking on their misty sides. They are, in fact, a deer forest.

"Ah, I see," says the English reader; "nice trees and glades, with antlered stags trotting about on the grass—a big gentleman's park, with drives, and avenues, and neat gateways and railings, and a trim porter's lodge."

Not so. A Highland deer forest means a mountain district—a waste wilderness, among which lie lakes, through which torrents go foaming for miles and miles—a range of savage country, stretching further than a good pedestrian would toil between early summer dawn and late summer sunset—a dreary territory of heathy slopes and sterile uplands, of awful gorges and ravines, of icy mountain peaks, of black heath and gray whinstone. And all this vast domain is sacred to the deer. Cotters—the old hardy people of these hills—were long ago turned adrift to make way for sheep and lowland graziers; now, men and mutton are cleared equally out before the stag and his hinds. The deer will not brook a two-legged intruder. They would see him miles away upon the sky line, or snuff the odor of approaching humanity from one end of a glen to the other; and therefore the hills are to be unprofaned by shoe-leather. Not a shepherd, not a tourist, not a wandering peasant dare break the magic circle, and tread the heather tabooed by our North Sea islanders. *Solitudinem faciunt, deer-forest apellunt.* Not a living thing may venture on the haunts of these lonely creatures, until mayhap the ducal renter of the forest, with his Highland gillies and English keepers, chooses to decree a week's slaughtering of the animals so carefully preserved to be so ruthlessly destroyed.

"But," says the English reader, "by what right dare one man stop another upon those savage wilds, flying uninclosed and unreclaimed, just as they were ere the Romans landed at Deal?"

By the right of might, reader. Just try it yourself. Put yourself on board a Scotch steamer—thence get into a stage-coach—there are still such things in this part of the world—and in due time you will arrive near the foot of—say the Cairngorm mountains. These are the highest and most awfully savage group in our island. You will not find more stupendous precipices, more ghastly ravines, round Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau, than encircle Ben Muich Dhui. Loch Anen lies in black torpid gloom, girdled in by hills and rocks which are desolation personified. Amid their recesses you might starve as comfortably and completely as in Nova Zembla, and, stretched on a mass of icy snow, you might be frozen during a midsummer night's dream. Braving those perils, however, off you go—your sketch-book in your hand and your knapsack on your back—to visit a district which Highland legends have always pointed to as one of the very wildest in this country, by peopling it with all manner of spirits of desolation—rulers of the wind, the storm, the rain, the mist.

But Cairngorm now owns a different potentate. The Duke of Leeds is the monarch of the waste, and just as some of the most gloriously savage bits of glen and hill begin to open up before you, an insolent gillie will start from some clump of heather, or from behind a rock, and order you back in the name of his gracious grace. There is no alternative. Show fight if you like, your umbrella against the flunky's gun, but the odds are that you are not so valiant, and that you turn your back upon the group of the Cairngorms in no complimentary disposition towards the keepers, or

"The lord—their god—his grace."

But there is the road, you think—the road, the immemorial way, which all the world had a right to long before the duke was ever heard of, and which they will have a right to long after he is forgotten.

Heaven bless you! a duke is a bigger man in the Highlands than you think of. What is a road to his grace? What is a right of way to his grace? What is a path—belonging for a thousand years to the public—to his grace? Nothing! He barricades it. He sentinels it with his gillies. No passage this way. The most glorious scenery in Britain is barred to the British—the free roads of this free nation are stopped to its free men; the artist in search of a landscape—the tourist in search of the picturesque—the peasant seeking to cross from one strath to the other, to see one of the countless Macs, his kith and kin—all are turned back. The duke wills it, because one passenger out of fifty might perchance stumble upon a red deer, which would gaze at him a moment, toss its antlered head, canter over the shoulder of the hill, and in half an hour be couched in the green wet breckans.

The grand plea of these gentlemen—who for the payment perhaps of some fifteen hundred a year arrogate to themselves the right of isolating a waste country as big as half a good sized English county, shutting up the roads, and refusing passage to a single being throughout it—is simply that pedestrians disturb and frighten the deer. I doubt it. A stag may look at a cockney—and in my humble opinion the cockney is very likely to be the most frightened animal of the two. But granting the discomfiture of the four-footed gazer—what of it? He will not be so frightened as to vanish into thin air. He will trot off, one, two, or three miles; and then when it is his good pleasure stop to crop the

herbage, until another cockney appears, who will probably frighten him back again to his original position. No one wants to put the duke's deer in his pocket. There they will be when the tourist leaves, just as they were when he came, barring a trot of perhaps a dozen miles, which, to animals of their reverse of sedentary habits cannot be a matter of much personal inconvenience. But even granting that a wandering tourist would frighten every stag in the hills into fits, I do not at all see why they should not be frightened into fits. Men before deer—scenery before dukes. We are not to be shut out of the finest passes, warned away from the most glorious scenery of our own land for either dukes or deer. His grace of Leeds must throw open Glenlui-beg, and his grace of Athol must withdraw the blockade of Glentilt. A modern lord of the Isles once tried to draw a chain across the entrance to Fingal's Cave in Staffa, only to be removed when each passenger in the boat had tumbled down his sixpence. We shall have none of these chains either of men or metal. The unenclosed hills are men's property to walk on. The glories of rock and torrent, and mountain mist, are for all to see, and wonder, and admire. The queen is now amongst them. I don't know if the Duke of Leeds would permit her to tread Glenlui-beg; but if a hint would be taken by the ducal autocrat, I do think that nothing would be a more grateful *souvenir* of the queen's visit than the expression of the royal wish, which would in all probability again unlock to all her majesty's peaceful subjects the glorious scenery of Athol and Braemar. A. B. R.

## FROM THE ARMY.

*Letter from a distinguished officer to his correspondent in Washington.*

TACUBAYA, Aug. 22, 1847.

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We are now located in one wing of the Archbishop's palace. Chapultepec, with its magnificent grove, is before us, and we overlook the great city, surrounded by its lakes, and embosomed in its mountains. I never realized the beauty of the valley of Mexico until I reached this spot. To see it now, lighted by the soft bright moon, with every village, spire, hut and mountain reflected in its silver lakes, you would think it even surpassed the descriptions we read of it. There are also some stupendous works of art around us. But I can tell you nothing, for I have not yet been in the city, though I have knocked at its gates. In the absence, then, of something more interesting, I shall have to tell you of the operations of the army.

On the 7th instant Gen. Twiggs' division left Puebla. It was followed on the 8th by General Quintan's, on the 9th by Gen. Worth's, and on the 10th by Gen. Pillow's. Gen. Scott left on the 8th, and overtook Gen. Twiggs that night at San Martin. Our march over the mountains was undisturbed, except by rumors of guerillas and resistance. Both disappeared as we approached, and we left their abandoned works as we found them. On the 11th Gen. Twiggs encamped at Ayotla, 15 miles from Mexico, on the direct road. The other divisions, on each succeeding day, came up in order, and took position in the rear—Gen. Worth occupying Chalco. The reconnoissances of the 12th and 13th satisfied us of the strength of the enemy's defences in our front. Their principal defence was at El Penon, commanding the causeway between the lakes of Tezcuco and Chalco. The hill of El

Penon is about 200 feet high, having three plateaus of different elevations. It stands in the waters of Lake Tezcuco. Its base is surrounded by a dry trench, and its sides arranged with breastworks from its base to its crest. It was armed with thirty pieces of cannon, and defended by 7000 men, under Santa Anna in person. The causeway passed directly by its base—the waters of the lake washing each side of the causeway for two miles in front, and the whole distance seven miles to the city. There was a battery on the causeway about four hundred yards in advance of the Penon, another by its side, a third about a mile in front of the entrance to the city, and a fourth at the entrance. About two miles in front of the Penon a road branched off to the left, and crossed the outlet of Lake Huchimileo, at the village of Mexicalcingo, six miles from the main road. This village, surrounded by a marsh, was enveloped in batteries, and only approached over a paved causeway a mile in length. Beyond, the causeway continued through the marsh for two miles further, and opened upon terra firma at the village of Churubusco, which was also fortified, and which we shall see more of presently. The reconnoissance of the 14th satisfied us that the route south of Lake Chalco was practicable for our wagons, or could be made so. That day Gen. Pillow's division closed upon the village of Chalco, and the next morning (15th) Gen. Worth led off south of the lake. The divisions took up the line of march in succession, Gen. Twiggs bringing up the rear, and we turned our backs upon the fortifications of the Penon and Mexicalcingo. Gen. Valencia, with 6000 men, made an attempt to annoy our rear as it turned Lake Chalco; but Gen. Twiggs having his train in front, and his division well in band, wheeled into line to the left, and, with one discharge of Taylor's battery, tumbled over some men and horses, and sent the rest flying over the hills like the wild ducks from the lakes. He then broke again into column, and resumed his march. The rancheros and guerilleros hovering about our front gave us little trouble; and the working parties filled up the trenches and rolled away the rocks that had been placed there to retard us, without stopping our march.

On the 17th General Worth encamped at San Augustin, on the Acapulco road, and moved down on the 18th, two and a half miles, in front of San Antonio, to make room for the other division to close upon him. The 18th was devoted to reconnoissances. San Antonio was situated similarly to Mexicalcingo. Batteries commanded the causeway in front and swept over the marshes to the left as far as the lake. The *pedregal*, or volcanic rocks, rendered the right impassable for everything but infantry, and difficult for them. One and a half mile in the rears were situated the defences of Churubusco, commanding the approach over the *pedregal*, and by the way of Mexicalcingo. A route was discovered west from San Augustin over the spurs of the mountain, to the San Angel road, by which these positions could be turned. Gen. Twiggs' division, coming up on the morning of the 19th, was thrown forward on this route, to cover the working parties formed from Pillow's division. By 1, P. M., we had surmounted the hills, and approached the two divisions of the army, with their field batteries, &c., within cannon range of Valencia's entrenchments, situated on the San Angel road, and commanding the only approach through the *pedregal* or volcanic rocks. The working parties were returned to their regiments, the tools

repacked, and preparations made to dislodge the enemy, before continuing the road further. On approaching his front within canister range, and driving in his advanced parties, posted behind breastworks across the road, with Magruder's and howitzer batteries, it was found that the ground on his left offered the greatest advantages for the attack. He lay entrenched on rising ground, behind a deep ravine, about midway between us, to which the ground gently descended from both directions. His front was defended by four 8-inch howitzers, and three long 16-pounders, one 18-pounder, and some of smaller calibre. His right was almost equally strong; and, after crossing the ravine, approached over smooth ground in the form of a natural glacis, and taken in reverse by a body of rancheros and lancers. The heads of the different divisions were accordingly changed to the right; and, each leaving their horses and batteries behind, slowly wended their way, among the volcanic rocks, to the ravine, which they passed in front of the small village of San Raymond, out of gunshot of Valencia's batteries. They were now on the firm San Angel road, between Valencia and relief; but Santa Anna coming out to his support with seven thousand infantry and cavalry, drew up in battle array on the hills of Contreras, to our right. Col. Riley's brigade, that had been moved to the right early in the day, to coöperate with the front attack, and had passed beyond the San Angel road, now falling back upon the village which we had taken possession of. General Smith at once determined to drive away the force threatening our right. By the time his dispositions were made, the sun had set; and night drawing on, it was feared we should not have light enough for our work. The attack was therefore suspended till morning. The troops bivouacked around the village, without food, without shelter, and without fire. It was afterwards determined to return to the original intention of assaulting Valencia's entrenchments as the dispersion of Santa Anna's force affected but little our principal object.

At 3, A. M., Col. Riley's brigade was put in motion, followed by Gen. Smith's and Gen. Cadwallader's; General Shields holding the village. During the night, the 8th and 12th regiments, with a company of rifles and some detachments that had been thrown out the previous day, were moved to the ravine, in front of the enemy's position, and, after driving in their piquets in the gray of the morning, filed off to the right and took a sheltered position on their left, ready to coöperate with the attacking force in rear. This force moving around the base of the hill on which the battery was placed, covered from their view and fire, began about sunrise to show themselves over its crest. Col. Riley's brigade, sweeping around their rear and right, moved down with great impetuosity, while Gen. Smith attacked their left from the rear. In the mean time Col. Ransom, pushing across the ravine the force in front, opened his fire upon their front and left. The enemy finding himself thus attacked, and apprehending the main attack from the direction in which we approached the previous day, opened his heavy battery on his front. But Riley's brigade, carrying everything before them, drove them out between the fires of Smith and Ransom upon that of Shields. They broke at all points, abandoning the artillery, pack train, ammunition, &c. We took 800 prisoners; 4 generals—Salas, Mendoza, Blanco, and Garcia; 4 colonels; 2 commanders of brigades and squadrons, and other officers in proportion. Among the twenty-two pieces

of artillery taken, were the two belonging to Washington's battery, taken at Buena Vista. They were retaken by the 4th artillery, the regiment to which they originally belonged. We buried 600 of their dead found on the field. Our loss did not exceed 60. After allowing the troops a little time for refreshment, they were put in march down the San Angel road, to take in reverse the positions of San Antonio and Churubusco. The enemy, finding himself turned, immediately commenced to evacuate his lines at San Antonio; but we moved upon him so rapidly that he had to abandon his guns. Gen. Worth's division, that had masked him in front, followed so close upon his heels as to drive his rear into the defence of Churubusco. In the mean time Gen. Twiggs had taken his position in the front on the battery surrounding the convent, while General Worth seized upon that defending the bridge, and blockading the main road to Mexico. The battle opened fiercely on that side. Generals Shields' and Pierce's brigades were sent to attack in rear. Advancing towards the city of Mexico until they had passed the stream in rear of Churubusco, they crossed a cornfield on their right, and made for the causeway leading from Churubusco to the capital. This causeway was defended by a large body of infantry and cavalry, the latter extending apparently to the gates of Mexico. The number of infantry was said to be 5000, and of cavalry 4000. Gen. Shields, forming his line obliquely to that of the enemy, resting either flank upon some buildings on his right and left, and gaining as much to their right flank as possible, brought his men promptly into action. General Pierce, following quickly up, took position to his left, and the howitzer battery opened on his right. The Mexicans made a stout resistance, and the reserve under Major Sumner, composed of the rifle regiment and squadron of dragoons, was brought to their support. By the time they broke into the cornfield, the enemy began to give way. Worth and Twiggs had forced their front, and they were being driven upon the capital. As soon as the way was clear for the dragoons, they swept over the causeway, charging up to the very gates. Many a fine saddle was emptied by the discharge from their last battery. Captain Kearney, whose troop was leading, lost his left arm, and the rest of his officers were wounded. Our men had done their work well and faithfully. Their exhaustion required rest. The recall was sounded and we returned to the care of the killed and wounded. Of these we have a goodly number. I fear they will reach nearly 1000. Many gallant officers are at rest. Col. Butler, of the South Carolina regiment, bringing his regiment into action, had his horse shot under him; continuing the charge on foot, he was wounded in the leg, and finally shot through the head. Of the regulars, Capt. Thornton of the dragoons, Capt. Burke, 1st artillery, Hanson, Lieut. Irons, Easley, Hoffman, and Johnson. About 40 are wounded more or less severely. All the engineers are safe. We cannot be sufficiently thankful, nor repay the interest or prayers of our friends in our behalf. The greeting of General Scott by the troops after the action, on seeing the success of all his plans, was loud and vociferous. It must have shaken the "Halls of the Montezumas." Their enthusiasm seemed to cheer the Mexican officers in their captivity. The army has implicit confidence in him, and apprehend nothing where he commands. He sees everything and calculates the cost of every measure; and they know and feel that their lives



and labor will not be uselessly expended. During the day, we took 2,700 prisoners, 8 generals, 37 pieces of artillery, and ammunition enough for a whole campaign. Their defences were completely turned, and their plans upset. We could have entered Mexico that evening or the next morning, at our pleasure, so complete was the disorganization of their army of 32,000 men. We learn that 27,000 men were opposed to us at all points, on the 20th, and they acknowledge in killed and wounded 5000. On the 21st, as the army was in motion towards the city, General Scott was met by a proposition for a cessation of hostilities, for the purpose of taking care of the killed and wounded. This he refused; but in the evening agreed to an armistice, to enable commissioners to meet Mr. Trist, and to treat for peace. This armistice has been officially ratified. It is difficult to foresee the result; though I can very well see that it is for Santa Anna's advantage to make peace. So far I can trust him.

The Lieut. Johnson killed, was the nephew of Lieutenant Col. Johnson, of the voltigeurs. I was standing by him when his leg was carried off above the knee by a cannon ball. He was a gallant little fellow, and as merry over his work all the morning as a boy at play. He fell by the side of the gun he had been effectively serving, and died that night, 19th inst. The colonel did not hear of his death until next morning. He was standing in Valencia's captured entrenchments, flushed with the recent victory; his frame shrunk and shivered with agony, and I wept to witness his grief. It is the living for whom we should mourn, and not the dead. The engineers did good service on both days, nor was the engineer company behind in any undertaking.

GEN. TAYLOR AND HIS STAFF.—Mr. Brown, the artist who has recently passed several months near the headquarters of Gen. Taylor, has brought home with him the rich fruits of his diligence, among which are two admirable portraits of Gen. Taylor, portraits of his staff and several other distinguished officers, and a great variety of sketches of interesting localities connected with the war, and studies for pictures yet to be completed.

Of the two principal portraits of Gen. Taylor, one presents a profile view of him and the other a front view. The former is the more striking picture, representing the general in his uniform—the artist intending this head for the design of the medal to be struck by order of Congress. The other portrait gives the veteran in the same brown dress he wore on the battle-field of Buena Vista. His costume is of the plainest description. The head of the general is a noble one, full of character, his energy and firmness being conspicuously traced in the deeply marked lines of the face. The fire of his eye gleams from the canvass, this feature being very peculiar in his family and very fine. We should not do justice to Mr. Brown did we not declare our high admiration of each of these portraits. They are noble pictures, and would alone amply repay him for the toil and danger he has encountered.

But Mr. Brown has executed another and very interesting picture, which he calls Gen. Taylor's Headquarters. In this the hero of Buena Vista is represented at full length, standing under an awning in front of his tent, and surrounded by his staff and other officers. The old man appears here in the unaffected simplicity and even homeliness of his usual bearing—dressed in the least pretending garb, with an eye to perfect comfort, while he is sur-

rounded by some of the most brilliant men of the army, most of whom are quite young. The general appears like a father among his sons—himself all plainness and simplicity, but proud of the boys about him. We cannot recall all the faces in this picture, but they are all faithful portraits from life, and their friends recognize them at a glance. The names of the following occur to us as we write:—Maj. Bliss, Maj. Eaton, Capt. Garnett, Maj. Mansfield, Col. Whiting, Dr. Craig, Capt. Linnard, and Maj. Bragg; there must be others, but we cannot at the moment recall them. Of most of these gentlemen and of several other prominent officers, as Gen. Wool, Col. Belknap, &c., Mr. Brown has finished portraits of the size of life, which will make his collection most interesting to those who delight to study the lineaments of the soldiers who have won renown in war. The portraits will be used by the artist in any future historical picture he may paint of the scenes of Monterey and Buena Vista. He showed to us one sketch full of life and spirit, from which he designs to paint a panorama of a scene in the battle of Buena Vista. It represents Bragg's battery at the moment it was put into action at the most critical part of the day. The general is seated on *that* white horse, and directing Capt. Bragg where to give them "a little more grape." We think this picture should be finished on its present scale and engraved. It embodies the popular idea of the most eventful scene of the ever-glorious field of Buena Vista. If faithfully executed, it would redound to the honor of the artist and go far to make his fortune.

Mr. Brown carries with him letters from Gen. Taylor and a large number of officers testifying to the unwearied pains the artist took to secure fidelity in all he did. Officers sat and stood for him in all positions, and squadrons were "set in the field" that he might copy them. That his portraits are indeed likenesses none will doubt for a moment. We saw them in company with those who know many of the gentlemen represented, and they bore instant and hearty testimony to their fidelity.—*Picayune*.

MR. MACAULAY.—The question has been repeatedly asked, will no new seat be found for Mr. Macaulay? Report answers it by saying, that he has been for some time anxious to be released from the labors of parliament; and that the intention he has stated of retiring into private life is as sincere as the contempt for bigotry which the burgesses of Edinburgh call haughtiness. Nor is the report improbable; for it can scarcely be without his own consent that his contemporaries have unanimously assigned to him the task of writing the modern history of England. So gigantic a work will need retirement; nor can Mr. Macaulay forget those historical parallels which resemble his own case too closely to escape comparison. It was during his exile that Thucydides wrote his account of the Peloponnesian War. The history of the Great Rebellion was the solace of the lonely hours which Clarendon spent in Jersey and Montpellier. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire would have been confined to the dwarfish limit of three volumes, had not Gibbon been content to forego "the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox," for the solitude of Lausanne. The stern law of the historic order allows of no exception; and if Mr. Macaulay aspires to be admitted into its ranks, it would be short-sighted selfishness in his generation to compel him to spend all his life in their service.—*Morning Chronicle*.

## THE MAIDEN AUNT. NO. III.

## CHAPTER I.

"PEGGY," said Owen to me, one morning, as he threw himself back in his easy-chair after completing the perusal of the newspaper, "did you know that poor Kinnaird had left a daughter?"

What an inexplicable creature I am! I have passed my forty-fifth birthday, but I cannot yet hear that name uttered without emotion! However, Owen is the last person in the world to suspect such a thing, and the last person I should wish to suspect it; so, after a moment's pause, I answered, in my usual tone,

"Yes, I remember to have heard it. And is she your ward, as well as the son?"

"Even so," replied he; "and an immense heiress she is—a beauty too, they tell me. She is past eighteen, and cannot be kept any longer at school, so I have now the agreeable task of finding some one to take care of her till she is pleased to relieve me of the responsibility by her marriage, which I should think will not be a very distant event. I wish you would take her off my hands in the mean time."

"My dear Owen, you are not in earnest. I cannot fancy any one less fitted than myself for such a charge."

"Don't be modest, sister. You know, without compliment, you are the very best manager in the world, and you have that kind of knack at discovering and indulging the peculiarities of those with whom you live, which would make you an invaluable companion."

"Yes, yes," interrupted I, in a bantering tone, "you made that discovery when you and I tried the experiment of living together eight years ago. I suited you to a nicety."

"Oh, then indeed," returned Owen, making a long face and looking a little embarrassed, for the experiment alluded to had been a complete failure, and had been abandoned by mutual consent at the end of the first month; "but that, you know, was a peculiar case; and after all, when I think it over, I am convinced it was more my fault than yours—wholly my fault, I may say. I am not now exactly what I was then."

"Of course not," replied I gravely, "eight years have been allowed to you since then for the study and improvement of your character, and you are doubtless an altered man. Suppose we try the experiment again—I am perfectly ready, and I have no doubt it would come this time to a widely different issue."

Owen's candid and complimentary humor was a little at fault here; he had not expected to be so immediately taken at his word. "Why, to say the truth," began he, with some confusion, "my confirmed bachelor habits—"

"What are you saying about your confirmed bachelor habits?" cried our friend, Mrs. Alvanley, entering the room, and proving, to Owen at least, a very welcome interruption to the conversation. "I will not allow any such high treason to be talked in my house."

Mrs. Alvanley was a lively, handsome widow, about Owen's own age; that is to say, somewhere on the verge of five-and-thirty. She was not deficient in ability, though extremely fond of dress and amusements—tastes which her small means gave her very few opportunities of indulging. Before her marriage she had received considerable attention from Owen, who, it must be confessed, had always

been a great flirt, though I do not think that he had ever fairly committed himself with any one; certainly not with Mrs. Alvanley. She was now suspected of a design of reconquering her former vassal, with how much reason I cannot pretend to say; but it is certain that she liked and sought Owen's society, while he, on his part, appeared, to a cool looker on, quite willing to resume the footing, half playful, half sentimental, on which he had formerly stood with her, and quite determined not to advance an inch beyond it. The usual residence of this lady was near Alford, a country town in Devonshire, in the neighborhood of which the happy years of my youth had been passed, and where I had many friends. At present, however, a cousin who lived at Teignmouth had lent her a house for the month of October, and she had invited Owen and myself to become her guests.

Owen turned towards her with that air of ready deference which, sometimes mingled with a shade of sarcasm discoverable only by a quick observer, characterized his demeanor towards women, especially towards those in whose good graces he thought it worth while to secure a place. "It would indeed be a rash man who should venture to celebrate the praises of single blessedness in your presence," said he, with an equivocal smile. "But you are come in the very nick of time. I want your advocacy. We were talking about the Kinnairds."

"No such thing," cried I, "we were talking of the time when Owen and I tried to live together, and found that we couldn't bear each other. Do you remember it, Mrs. Alvanley?"

"To be sure I do," replied she laughing. "All the world said there would be a permanent coolness in consequence, but I knew you both better. Let us call upon your brother to justify his share in the transaction, and afterwards we will hear your defence. Now, Mr. Forde, what have you to say for yourself?"

Mrs. Alvanley wanted the fine perception and quick feeling which constitute tact, or she would have seen that Owen found the subject irksome and wanted to get away from it. He, however, fell readily enough into her playful tone for the moment.

"I will be judged by you," cried he; "no man could begin with better intentions than I did—I might almost say that no man could have endured more. Patiently did I suffer myself to be initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping. I knew when we had lamb in the house, and when we had mutton hanging up, and when the cook had tried all over the market and there was not such a thing as a bit of fish to be heard of. I was acquainted familiarly with the statistics of disease in the poultry-yard, and learned gradually to distinguish between pip and croup. Once I labelled a dozen jars of raspberry jam in a single morning; another time I voluntarily reprimanded the housemaid when Peggy was afraid to speak to her."

"Owen, how can you be so absurd?" interrupted I, laughing, though inwardly annoyed.

"Well," continued he, still addressing Mrs. Alvanley, "all this and more I encountered like a man; but at last one morning—I think we had been living together about three weeks—my sister suddenly and without preparation, without breaking it to me, but as if it were the pleasantest and most natural thing in the world, proposed to me to give a children's party!"

"Now, Owen, how can you exaggerate so dreadfully?" cried I. "You know very well I only

wanted to have Emily Drew's two sweet children, to spend the day with me."

"Sweet children, I have no doubt they were," returned Owen, "breathing the very essence of lollipops. But you were to have the little Harrisons to meet them. I stand to that. I have a vivid recollection of having a distinct, separate horror of the little Harrisons, over and above those two sweet Drews."

"Well, I believe I did talk of it," said I.

"There now!" cried Owen, "you see how far she is to be depended on! And there are five of the little Harrisons! Now I leave you to imagine my feelings on such an announcement. At first, I thought it was impossible, and then I thought she was insane; or, said I to myself, have I been living all this time in a dream, and am I not a bachelor after all, but am I a married man, and is this my wife? For you know it was inconceivable that any woman, kindly exempted by nature from the trouble of children, should endeavor to procure an artificial offspring for herself. That was out of the question."

"Owen, you really anger me," said I; "Mrs. Alvanley, how can you let him talk in that manner! There is no feeling in the world so natural and so pure as the love of children, and I never can bear to hear him pretend to despise it; dear little innocent creatures!"

"Dear little innocent creatures!" echoed Owen. "Yes, there they sit, in their clean pinafores and best frocks, looking like a row of complete innocents, unable to give you a rational answer to the simplest question. And when they warm a little, and begin to play, they are always hitting their own heads, or kicking your shins by accident; and, if they are well brought up, they roar equally at both. Your best-meant schemes for their amusement are generally humiliating failures, rendering you ridiculous in the eyes of the bystanders. You begin to tell them a story, and harangue for five minutes, and then find they are not listening to you, or something equally unpleasant. I have myself seen Peggy steadily going to sleep in a corner for an hour together, with three hard-hearted urchins at play round her, not one of whom had the charity to go up and startle her, though she had shut her eyes only to induce them to do so. I never gave a child a sugar-plum in my life, that it did not begin to choke immediately."

"All single men talk in that manner," said Mrs. Alvanley, when she had recovered from her laughter; "wait till you have children of your own."

"Yes, I *will* wait—very patiently too," answered Owen; "I would much rather have half-a-dozen kittens than those two sweet little Drews that Peggy is so fond of. A kitten is at least pretty, and graceful, and amusing, which a child is not; and you can always take it by the nape of the neck, and drop it into the cellar when you are tired of it—a thing which I should like to do in a similar case with a child, if it were not for the tumult which mothers and nurses would be sure to make about it."

"I cannot understand how you can laugh at him, Mrs. Alvanley," said I. "To me it is perfectly shocking. I have heard him say before, that he likes animals better than children, and I never can bear it. It is degrading to think of those dear little immortal souls, and then——"

"Now, Peggy," interrupted Owen, "what can you know about the size of their immortal souls?"

"Come, don't tease her so," said Mrs. Alvanley; "and my dear Miss Forde, how can you take every-

thing so entirely *au pied de la lettre*? You do not understand your brother; yet, after all, he is not so very enigmatical. But it certainly is necessary to comprehend a person's character thoroughly, in order to live happily with him, and so I think it was very well that you two gave up keeping house together."

"And left me at liberty till I should meet with some one who can and does understand me," said Owen, with a bow and smile, which rendered the compliment so broad as effectually to destroy its point. "But don't be wrathful, Peggy, I am only plaguing you. Let us go back to the Kinnairs."

"I had forgotten them," said I.

"Who are those Kinnairs?" inquired Mrs. Alvanley.

"Frank Kinnaird was a great favorite of my father's," replied Owen. "He was ten years older than myself, or more; and many a many a tip has he given me when I was a schoolboy and he a young man. Poor fellow! He married a great heiress, to pay his debts, I believe, for he was imprudent enough. She had a temper which made his house an absolute Pandemonium; and he had not been married to her above a twelvemonth, when some distant relation died and left him a hundred thousand pounds—so he need not have sacrificed himself after all. How many years is it since Kinnaird died, Peggy, do you recollect?"

"Six years this summer," returned I, without lifting my eyes from my work. *Did I recollect!*

"So it is, I declare," said Owen. "How time slides away! Well, he left me sole guardian to his children. Mrs. Kinnaird, I forgot to say, had died a year before. The boy went to college, of course, and had a commission in the guards afterwards. He is the very counterpart of his father in character; but, luckily for him, he had money enough to waste, so I was not forced to interfere with his amusements, and he has now been several years off my hands. The girl was younger. She was taken, at first, by a Scotch aunt, Kinnaird's sister, who lived in the Highlands; and, just as I was beginning to think that a young lady of her expectations must necessarily acquire a few more accomplishments than she was likely to get in the region of gray mountains and oat cakes, this aunt very obligingly died, and I ran down there for a month, got some capital grouse-shooting, and brought my fair ward up to a first-rate London establishment to finish her education."

"Was she an engaging girl?" asked I, with irrepressible interest.

"She was rather under fifteen at the time," replied Owen, "and I have Lord Byron's horror of budding misses. Besides, she cried without intermission during the whole month, so that I had really no opportunity of judging of her personal appearance, further than that she was tall of her age, and had a most splendid head of dark brown hair: I remember noticing that particularly."

"I dare say she is well-looking enough to pass for a beauty when seen through the flattering medium of—how many thousand pounds?" observed Mrs. Alvanley.

"Seventy," returned Owen; "a pretty little fortune, is it not? But now comes the difficulty: this young lady is eighteen years old: a woman grown, as you see."

"In her own estimation, doubtless," interposed Mrs. Alvanley; "but most girls are little more than children at eighteen. She must be classed for a few years more among those budding misses of



whom you and Lord Byron have so great a horror."

I was inwardly amused as I thought of Mrs. Alvanley's five-and-thirty years. Owen, who was growing rather cross as he found himself so repeatedly interrupted in his approaches to the point he was resolved to carry, answered her by saying in his blandest tones—

"Nay, Mrs. Alvanley, would you have me believe that the mind does not attain to maturity till the person has begun to lose its first bloom? Forgive me for differing from you; but, I remember you at eighteen."

The lady was effectually silenced, and quite uncertain whether she had received a compliment or an affront. Owen, who had intended to produce this very effect upon her, went on triumphantly, and finished his history without further disturbance.

"Well, as I was observing, Miss Edith Kinnaird—it is exactly the name for a heroine of romance)—was eighteen three months ago, and can't be kept at school any longer. My friend, Lady Frances Moore, has undertaken to superintend her *début* in the spring, so that trouble is off my hands: but here is October, and what in the name of ingenuity is to be done with her in the interval? Now I appeal to you, Mrs. Alvanley, whether it would not be an extremely pleasant thing for Peggy to pass the next five months in an elegant mansion, surrounded with all the luxuries of life, with no other drawback than the society of a high-born and highly-educated girl, in whom she may be supposed to feel some interest for her father's sake?"

"Were I your sister," replied Mrs. Alvanley, with animation, "I should consider such a suggestion as a very great favor. It is exactly the position I should like; and I also think it is that for which I am best fitted. What say you, Miss Forde?"

A sudden horror here came over Owen, that Mrs. Alvanley was going to propose to take charge of Miss Kinnaird herself. With his characteristic caution, he felt in a moment that such an arrangement might lead to numberless inconveniences, not the least among which he deemed the appearance which it would have in the eyes of the world. It was far from his intention to have it supposed by any one that he meant to marry Mrs. Alvanley; so he turned to me with an appealing eagerness of manner, very unlike his usual nonchalance, and very difficult for a sister to withstand, saying—

"My dear Peggy, I am thoroughly and anxiously in earnest, and it is not like you to persist in trifling when such is the case. It would be still less like you, to let any petty obstacles stand in the way of an arrangement so rational, so natural, so thoroughly unobjectionable. Your consent will confer the greatest possible favor upon me, and upon your old friend's child; while it would really be affectation to suppose that it will entail any sacrifice upon yourself. Were it likely, or even possible, that it should do so, I would be the last person in the world to ask it of you; but I do assure you that in suggesting the plan, I was very considerably influenced by the idea of the pleasure that it would be the means of procuring for you."

I was touched—impressed—gratified; in short, I gave my consent. And when it was irrevocably pronounced, I was a little surprised by discovering the advanced state of Owen's arrangements, which seemed to prove that he had counted upon me as an auxiliary long before he named the subject to me. He would at least—so he said—spare me the trouble of discussing and deciding; an occupation which he

knew to be peculiarly unsuited to my natural taste. So he named the house in which Miss Kinnaird and I were to take up our abode, and which he appeared so sure of obtaining that I could not help suspecting that he had already opened negotiations for it; and he even fixed the day on which the young lady was to be summoned from the academic shades of her abode in the Regent's Park. He kindly left it to me to determine the precise number of weeks, days, or hours, by which my arrival at Enmore Hall was to precede that of Miss Kinnaird; only suggesting that it would be as well if, for the sake of my own comfort and convenience, I could manage to have about a fortnight quietly to myself, in order that I might get thoroughly settled in my new residence, acquainted with my new household, &c. &c.; so that I should be ready to receive the young lady in a manner satisfactory to myself;—and this modicum of liberty was pretty nearly all that was allotted to me in the matter. I did not, however, quarrel with this specimen of Owen's diplomacy; for I have a natural horror of responsibility at all times, and a special horror of it when Owen is the party to whom I have to answer; so I comforted myself for any little injury that my dignity might have sustained by reflecting, that since he had made every arrangement himself, he would have no one but himself to blame if the results should prove unsatisfactory. Thus I was able to delight my brother by the cheerfulness of my acquiescence in all his proposals; and in the plenitude of his triumph he deigned to delight Mrs. Alvanley by reminding her that Enmore Hall was only three miles from Alford; and assuring her that he trusted much to her well-known kindness for rendering Miss Kinnaird's sojourn in that part of the country agreeable. It was settled that I should proceed to Enmore immediately after my departure from Teignmouth, and that my young charge should join me about a fortnight later, under the escort of her brother, who, Owen believed, had taken a shooting-box somewhere in the neighborhood, and who was described as passionately fond of his sister, and impatiently anxious to enjoy every available moment of her society now that she was passing from childhood to womanhood. Owen hoped to come down himself after Christmas, but was too full of engagements, for the present, to determine the precise time at which he would join our party. And so the matter ended; and I was left alone to reflect, as calmly as I could, upon the singular series of trifling circumstances which had at last placed me in the position of guardian to the daughter of the only man I had ever loved, and who—the *thought* is present to me, so why should I shrink from the *word*?—had slighted me. I was eighteen again, in imagination, so buoyant, so happy, so energetic—pursuing a thousand fancies, busied with a thousand studies; and he was at my side to guide all by his judgment, to give zest to all by his sympathy, and to make my heart beat quick, and my cheeks glow, by those admiring looks and approving words, so immeasurably different from compliments, because they are always involuntarily, and often unconsciously, offered—so sweet, I must now write—so dangerously sweet, when they come from one whom we love as a friend, and look up to as a superior. Was it wonderful that I mistook all this for the indication of a feeling which I have now no right to believe that he ever entertained? Yet I am acting a part, even to myself, when I say that I do not believe it. I thought of our parting, of the warmth, the devotion of his manner, so far outstripping the mere intimacy which, in some sort,

justified its expression. I never saw him afterwards. Tidings came, first of imprudence, then of extravagance—repeated, reckless, unpardonable extravagance—and three years after that parting, I heard of his marrying, as Owen said, “an heiress, to pay his debts!” What those three years were to me I do not wish to remember, and it would be useless to describe. The beauty of my life had departed from me. But, thank God, it went but for a season, and has returned, though in another and less radiant shape. In the expansiveness and activity of those affections which I once thought I would never again suffer to cling around aught upon earth, I have found health and happiness for my wounded spirit. Of the holier discipline, under which I trust that I am learning to chasten those exuberant affections, or rather to guide them into a channel where there can be no overflow, and fasten them upon an object where there can be no disappointment, I dare scarcely presume to speak; yet incomplete indeed would be the record of my thankfulness for what I have endured, and for the peace which has been vouchsafed to me, did I omit all allusion to my true remedy, my real strength, my only sure hope. But enough, and more than enough, of this; the more deeply I feel that the concerns of daily life ought to be pervaded and sanctified by a spirit of devotion, the more reverently do I desire to separate and to solemnize all distinct expression of that spirit—that so we lower not our religion to the level of our habitual thoughts and common words; but rather jealously guard its elevation, and seek, if we may, gradually to lift them to it.

#### CHAPTER II.

I sat alone in the pretty drawing-room of Enmore Hall, for I had not invited Mrs. Albanley to assist me in receiving Miss Kinnaird, though she paid me a morning visit of two hours' duration, on the day which Owen had fixed for his ward's arrival. It was perhaps churlish of me, but my feelings were really and deeply interested, and I did not want either to make conversation, or to have it made for me. I don't think I am by nature sentimental, and I am quite sure that, in the present instance, I have neither sought nor permitted the peculiar state of mental self-indulgence, to which the world satirically affixes that epithet; but I was quite surprised at the degree of my own emotion when the sound of wheels on the frost-crisped gravel—as quick, as light, and as traceless as the passage of feelings across a world-hardened heart—announced that my visitor was actually come. I never can sit still on the sofa in the drawing-room, when I know that a person whom I wish to welcome is entering the hall-door. I have been repeatedly told that it is a weakness, and that it cannot hasten the meeting by more than half a minute, and I admit the truth of the objection; nevertheless, it is one of those cases in which I would not, if I could, be otherwise than weak. Heaven help poor human nature, if the *cui bono* question is to be asked in matters of affection! Those little exuberances, those delicious exaggerations, are just the very touches on which its beauty depends—the bloom on the butterfly's wing, needless to it, perhaps, as a mere flying machine, but everything to it as a butterfly. I remember once stopping in a diligence, at night, to take up a Norman countrywoman; she was parting from her husband and child; and many were the long farewells which they exchanged ere she entered the vehicle. But when she was fairly

in, and we were beginning to move, she nearly dislocated her own neck and my shoulder by stooping out of the window to give an extra and most inconvenient kiss to the little boy, who was held up by his papa to receive it. She had been hugging him to her heart's content the moment before—but all the sweetness of her affection was concentrated in that last unnecessary salute; I positively loved her for it; and though I travelled in her company during thirteen sultry hours, and she chewed garlic and shut the windows, such was the potency of that little indication of heart, that I had not arrived at hating her when we parted. But all this while Miss Kinnaird is on the carriage steps; I must hasten to assist her in descending. She returned my greetings with a warmth that was more than merely polite, and an ease which seemed to me scarcely natural at the shy and girlish age of eighteen. Her bonnet and veil nearly hid her face, but her unusual height, and singularly graceful figure, struck me at once; I had no time to analyze my impressions, for she passed quickly up stairs, attended by her own maid, and pioneered by mine, to make a hasty toilette after her journey, while I was left to receive and entertain her brother.

Captain Frank Kinnaird, an elegant-looking young man, with very pleasing manners, and with no importunate resemblance to his father in look, tone, or air, first introduced himself to me, and then performed the same ceremony by his friend Captain Everard—a tall, stiff-looking person, whose apparition surprised me not a little—and the two gentlemen then followed me into the drawing-room.

“We trespass on your hospitality rather unwarrantably,” said Frank, as he established himself on the corner of the sofa; “but the lights in your windows suggesting visions of fire and sofa, tea and muffins, were really too tempting to be resisted by two travelworn and frost-bitten mortals at this hour of a November night.”

I said something civil about hoping to see him at Enmore Hall while his sister continued to be its inmate, as often as his leisure would permit: and I concluded with a half-dubious bow to his silent friend, who immediately acknowledged the compliment.

“You are very kind,” said he, with grave politeness; “and the prospect is peculiarly agreeable when contrasted with our bachelor establishment at Acton Cottage. Neither of us can trust the other to make tea; and, as we have only one tea-pot, and the cook refuses to boil water for us more than twice a day, we are obliged to take it by turns to go without ‘the cup which cheers but not inebriates.’”

I was puzzled by the extreme quietness of manner with which this speech was delivered, and scarcely knew whether to laugh or not. My instinct, which is seldom at fault in detecting at once those who are likely to prove uncongenial on further acquaintance, had inspired me with an impulse of dislike to Captain Everard at the moment in which he was so unexpectedly introduced to my notice. I cannot deny that he looked like a gentleman, and some people might even have thought him good-looking; but he was pale, grave, and erect; and I made up my mind that he would prove to be sickly, stern, and formal; and I was not to be shaken in this determination by an ease of manner, and an expression of humor about the mouth, which seemed to indicate better things. Accordingly, I addressed myself principally to Frank Kinnaird, and expressed a charitable hope that his sister was not over-tired with her journey.

“She will be quite restored to-morrow,” was his

answer, "and you will then be able to make acquaintance with each other—a process which I fancy that ladies can accomplish far more rapidly than gentlemen. I think I may venture to say, that Miss Forde will find no reason to regret the kindness which has induced her to take charge of Edith—eh, Everard?"

"Miss Kinnaird is perfectly faultless in person, manners, mind, and heart," returned the gentleman thus appealed to. "I am qualified to pronounce this opinion, for it is full twenty-four hours since I was introduced to her."

"Ah, you laugh at me," cried Kinnaird, good-humoredly; "but I have the satisfaction of feeling sure, that if you had such a sister of your own, you would be just as proud of her as I am."

"There can be no doubt of that," answered Captain Everard. "Short as our acquaintance has been, I am beginning to feel proud of her already."

"We won't attend to him, Miss Forde," exclaimed Kinnaird, turning to me; "he is an incorrigible cynic—a fellow that does n't believe in the existence of anything good upon the face of the earth."

"A comprehensive assertion that," coolly remarked Captain Everard, by way of comment.

"But," proceeded Frank, without minding him, "I am afraid of saying too much about Edith beforehand, you know, lest you should be disappointed; and I know I may naturally be supposed to be partial. I dare say she is nothing wonderful—much like other young ladies; but she has had many advantages in education, and she has certainly made the most of them—not that she is a blue-stocking—(I hate blue-stockings!)—nor one of those moving automaton of accomplishments that one dares not come near, for fear one should touch the spring by accident, and they should go off into a bravura, or a German drama: no, she has no pedantry or affectation about her, of any kind; but," and here he lowered his voice, and assumed a confidential air, "I can't help speaking to you as an old friend, because I have heard so much of you and yours in days long gone by. She really is a very attractive sort of girl; and when she is presented next spring, we really do expect that she will make a sensation."

"Don't be afraid of speaking too warmly to me," cried I, delighted at his animation in his sister's behalf. "I am a very old-fashioned person in most of my opinions, and I always suspect the genuineness of an affection which is afraid to show its face."

Captain Everard gave me a peculiar look, which seemed to express, "How much I *could* say in answer to that sentiment; but I am not going to say anything." (I have often observed this kind of expression in the eyes of highly argumentative persons, when their acquaintance with you is as yet too recent to justify their attacking you for every word you utter, and when, consequently, they are just endurable—which, when the compassionate restraints of good-breeding drop away, they are *not*.) He then turned to his friend, and said—

"Miss Kinnaird is highly accomplished, I know; yet I own I did fancy that her touch on the piano—"

"I don't know what fault you can find with her touch on the piano," replied Frank, shortly. "That fellow Thalberg said it was excellent, when he heard her, and I should think he knew rather more about it than either you or I. But how absurd I am!" added he, checking himself, "or rather, how

absurd you are! Why, you have never heard her play at all."

"Of course not," answered Everard; "for even you would hardly reckon among her perfections the power of introducing a pianoforte into her travelling-carriage. Neither did I find fault with her touch: I only just mentioned it—and lo! you hurl aside that poor inefficient mask of polite indifference directly, and show a scowling face, with defiance in every line. And I am sure Miss Forde will approve of me for having produced this effect, for I have just heard her say that she likes affection to show its face boldly, and go flaunting and shouting about the streets and markets to the tune of 'I love her, how I love her!'"

His emphasis was so gravely comic as he pronounced these words, that I could not help laughing, though it was at myself. I had no time to undertake my defence, for, at this moment, Miss Kinnaird entered, and the attention of two of the party, at least, was immediately absorbed by her.

I was absolutely astonished at the splendor of her beauty. Descriptions of person are proverbially ineffective, yet I must try to give some idea of her peculiar characteristics. I have already said that she was more than usually tall; but the moulding of her figure was at once so round and so delicate, that whilst her worst foe could not have dared to call her lanky, her most injudicious admirer would never have thought of describing her as "a fine woman." Her head was small almost to a fault, covered with that abundance of dark hair which had made such an impression upon Owen, and which was drawn back from her brow, and braided together in one interminable length of glossy plait, arranged so as to form a natural coronet. Her forehead was low and wide; the eyebrows and eyelashes nearly black; the eyes deep-set, almond-shaped, and of the darkest possible gray; the nose high and exquisitely chiselled; the mouth small, full, and with that peculiar curve of lip which is almost disdainful when in repose. She moved like a queen of nature's making, and it was impossible to look at her without mentally agreeing with her brother's opinion, that a creature so gifted, both by nature and fortune, would, indeed, "make a sensation" when she should appear in the gay world for which she was intended. I found that I was losing myself in melancholy wonder whether she would not be utterly spoiled by the dangerous admiration of the multitude, and what would be her final destiny: so I shook off my meditative humor at once, and set to work in good earnest to make myself and my tea as agreeable to my visitors as I could.

We naturally fell into conversation upon Alford and its neighborhood, Miss Kinnaird inquiring into the nature and number of its picturesque attractions, with the eagerness of a London-bred girl, whose conceptions of country enjoyments derive their beautiful coloring from the recollection of a happy childhood spent among woods and waters, flowers and birds. This was a point on which I could be eloquent, and I counted up, with animation almost equal to her own, the walks and views to which I hoped to introduce her, lamenting all the while that her first acquaintance with the soft and various loveliness of Devonshire should be made in the leafless month of November.

"Edith does not ask you about the men and women of the place, you perceive," cried Frank Kinnaird, mockingly, yet with an evident wish to call my attention to the simplicity of his sister's



tastes. "She is a very romantic young lady; all her sympathies are for hills, meadows, and waterfalls. But I—who am a matter-of-fact person, who live by eating, drinking, and talking, and am resolved to obtain as many pleasant helps to those three grand occupations as I can for the next month or two—I may perhaps be permitted to inquire what kind of society is attainable at Alford?"

"Your sister is infinitely indebted to you, Kinnaird," said Captain Everard. "She was just coming to that question. She, however, would have been compelled to ask it in a circumlocutory manner, and with an air of nonchalance, as if it dropped out by accident, so as not to incur the reproach of feeling any interest in her fellow-creatures; while you are able to obtain the information she wants openly, without the trouble of manoeuvring, or the danger of disguise. You are an invaluable friend."

"That is a part of your system of having no faith in anybody," said Miss Kinnaird, quickly.

"My system of having no faith in anybody!" repeated he, with an air of astonishment; "I did not know I had such a system. Pray how did you find it out?"

"I dare say," exclaimed she, evading the question, "you do not believe in the reality of my love of beautiful country; you think I say it for effect, and that I am ashamed to express my true opinions, and think it very fine to assume indifference to everything except the beauties of nature, and, perhaps, books. But you are quite mistaken. I am not in the least ashamed of owning that I am very fond of society; that I delight in balls, and that I shall be excessively glad to hear that there is any chance of my going to one at Alford. Only you know," she added, turning to me, "that is no contradiction to my loving a fine view, and enjoying a country walk."

"Far from it," answered I; "the more keen one's perceptions of pleasure are, the more comprehensive they are likely to be—at least, that is my idea."

"Your system, you mean, Miss Forde," said Captain Everard. "We have all got systems, only we don't know what they are till this lady is so good as to find them out for us. If I chose, I could dispute every assertion which Miss Kinnaird made in her last speech, especially the closing one; but I am so much interested to know how she discovered my system, that I cannot rest till she has told me. You won't refuse to explain, will you?" added he, addressing himself directly to her.

The young lady blushed, but did not seem at all disposed to retreat from what she had said. "Oh," she replied, "people who have the sort of views that you have, cannot conceal them if they would. One sees it all immediately. The manner in which you listened to Frank's account of his two friends, at dinner to-day, showed me at once what you thought."

"Indeed!" said he, apparently much amused. "Miss Forde, I am afraid you will find your companion very dangerous. You will stand committed to unknown and elaborate systems, not by the words you speak, but by the manner in which you listen; and at dinner too, when one is apt to fancy that observation is at rest, and the stricter restraints of society may be a little relaxed. You will never be safe; and I really know not what advice to give you, for the last refuge of a cautious mind—silence—is converted into an ambush of the enemy."

"Listening is often a great deal more expressive

than talking," said Miss Kinnaird, with playful determination; "besides, you were not wholly silent."

"I spoke, did I?" cried he. "I feel infinitely gratified to think that my words should have made so deep an impression."

I came to Edith's assistance here, for this last stroke evidently disconcerted her a little. "What is the story of Captain Kinnaird's two friends," asked I, "which has given rise to this war of words? I cannot decide which of you is wrong till I know the whole history."

"Oh! I'll enlighten you," cried Frank: "Everard, you know, is not in our regiment now; he exchanged more than two years since, and has been to the West Indies, and had the yellow fever, &c. &c., and that is why he is down here with me, on sick leave, recruiting a little. So he was asking me after some of our old friends to-day; and, among other histories, I told him of a fellow of the name of Harrison, whom we both knew very well, and who has just sold out, and bought land in Australia. A strange fancy it is, to be sure, and he has persuaded another fellow of ours—Milford (Everard, you did n't know Milford, he was after your time)—to join him, and they sunk the price of their commissions, and such private property as they had besides, in the purchase of I don't know how many acres, somewhere beyond Sydney, and they sailed last month, and are gone to set up farming together: the only wise part of the plan seems to me to be their going together, for they were always uncommonly great cronies; and it will certainly be better for them to have each other to talk to, instead of settlers and natives, and those sort of people."

"And I believe the head and front of my offending," said Captain Everard to Miss Kinnaird, "was, that I ventured to think it the only, or the most, unwise part of the plan! Did I do anything worse than that—except listen?"

She laughed, and replied—"Oh yes, you did much worse. When Frank told you that there was a *real friendship* between them, you said you hoped it might last."

"Upon my word, Edith," cried her brother, joining Captain Everard and myself in the laugh which these words elicited, "it was a very charitable hope of Everard's, for I am sure if it does not last, the poor fellows will be in pretty nearly the most uncomfortable situation that I can imagine. Would you have had him hope that it might not last?"

"Yes, I think I may retort upon my assailant," added Everard. "I won't be so very general in my assertion; but it is pretty evidently Miss Kinnaird's system to have no faith in me."

"Oh, the *tone* in which you said it!" persisted she; "it implied such a disbelief in the possibility of its lasting. You may laugh, if you please, but I am sure it did. Now, can you say—truly and honestly—that you do not expect them to quarrel almost immediately?"

"I believe, on my honor and conscience," replied Captain Everard, with solemnity, "that by this day six months—I say six months, because I like to be on the safe side—they will not be upon speaking terms."

"There!" cried Edith, in triumph. "Was I not right? But *how* I pity you!"

"You pity me," rejoined he, "because I have a little more experience in human nature than it is possible or natural that you should have. Well,

if such experience be profitable, I will allow that it is not very exhilarating. But I have this great advantage, that I am not undergoing perpetual disappointments. Knowing the truth of that wise old saying, that 'every man has his price,' I am neither exuberantly confident nor jealously suspicious; but I pay for what I get, and never consider myself ill-used, unless, as sometimes happens, I don't get what I have paid for."

"Is it really possible?" exclaimed Edith, casting up her eyes, while her face glowed with generous and indignant astonishment. "Can I be hearing such words said in earnest! Oh, how glad, how thankful I am that there is not one spark of truth in them—that there are such things as friendship, and honor, and nobleness—that there are, have been, and will be, men who would die sooner than do what their conscience disapproved, though they might gain kingdoms by doing it! But it makes me uncomfortable to hear it said—though I know how false it is."

She stopped, seemingly quite abashed at her own warmth. "Everard is quizzing you, Edith," said her brother; "he is only trying to put you in a passion, and I must say he has succeeded."

"He is putting me in a passion also," said I, "and I dare say that is more than he intended. Captain Everard, we cannot allow these assertions to pass. Surely you are not in earnest."

He turned to me with a half-laugh, as though he had scarcely expected me to interpose with so much animation, and felt that a little more seriousness was necessary in replying to me than he had thought it incumbent on him to assume towards the younger lady, with whose undisguised warmth of feeling he seemed to be amusing himself a little unguardedly.

"Why, I am not going to maintain," he answered, "that the *literal* sense of the words is true.—I don't say, that every man has his price actually in pounds, shillings, and pence. But I think we can scarcely confute the assertion taken in a wider signification. I don't think we find many men who can resist temptation if only it assail them on their weak point, whatever that may happen to be. Most of the instances of heroic virtue concerning which society is eloquent seem to me to resolve themselves into this, that the man was tried where he happened to be strong, and so withstood the trial easily enough. A generous man is tempted to do a mean action—tempted, that is, by some arrangement of external circumstances which makes such an action easy and profitable. He does not do it, simply because he does not feel the slightest inclination to do it, and the world cries out in admiration. But let the same man be tempted to fly into a passion, and ten to one, he yields to the impulse without a struggle. The tempter has only to pay *his price*, and he wins his prey immediately."

"This seems to me sophistical," said I; "but I am not logician enough to argue with you. According to this reasoning, I suppose that a man who had so schooled his mind as to make his impulses good instead of evil, would possess no merit at all."

"Pardon me," cried he, "I was speaking of real; modern, living men, such as we see around us. The character you describe is not to be met with among them—I was speaking of a man who is governed by his temperament—I should hardly venture to speak at all of one who had learned to govern it."

"You have a bad opinion of human nature."

"I have indeed," replied he, gravely, "a very

high opinion of what it might be—a very low opinion of what it is."

"And you do not believe in friendship?" exclaimed Miss Kinnaird; "that seems to me the strangest of all your opinions. I always thought there was so much real friendship among military men; there is such close and constant companionship, such unrestrained intimacy, such mutual dependence and forbearance. Why do you smile? I am sure it is the general rule—I am sure Frank thinks so."

"And so the tie which unites two red coats is in your eyes a holy and romantic thing! Forgive me if I say 'that seems to me the strangest of all your opinions.' I should like to hear your notions of a military life."

"I ought to know something on the subject," answered she, coloring a good deal. "I am a soldier's sister."

"In the days of chivalry—in which you *ought* to have lived (you will at least agree with me in that)—such friendships as those which you are imagining to yourself, may have been common enough," observed Captain Everard. "Men to whom the profession of arms was a sacred thing, to be entered on with fast, prayer, and vigil, who had again and again faced death side by side, not with the bravado of physical indifference, but with the reverent fearlessness of Christian faith, whose vow of brotherhood was assumed before God, and blessed by the church—don't you think such men as these must have been very nice?" added he, with a sudden change of tone and manner, as he encountered Edith's kindling eyes.

She made him no answer at all, and after a moment's pause he proceeded, "But what do you suppose is the progress of a friendship between two knights of modern times—degenerate creatures that they are? It begins over the mess table, when the heart is warmed by a few additional glasses, and is in the most favorable state for the reception of a deep and lasting impression; it is cemented by sympathy and mutual assistance in practical jokes, and the noble contention of singlestick; and, in the higher cases, though even these are by no means rare, the *friend*, emphatically so called, seals his devotion by becoming second in that rational and Christian recreation, a duel! A bond thus hallowed may naturally be expected to outlast time itself."

"Come, come, Everard, this won't do at all," cried Kinnaird, taking up the cudgels; "why, my dear fellow, your arguments are as flimsy as possible. I'll say nothing about your knights of old, though, if they began their friendships, as I dare say they did, over noble wine of Xeres, and cemented them at tilts and tourneys, I don't see why they need despise our mess tables and singlestick. But if you mean to say, that there does not often exist between brother-officers a friendship as true, as refined, and as lasting, as can ever be met with in the world, I say you are mistaken. Why, you are yourself a proof to the contrary. Think what you have been to me!"

"My dear Frank," said Everard quickly, "I am arguing with the ladies; you are not to interest yourself in the matter at all. Besides, I am quite sure that I shall have Miss Kinnaird on my side here. I know, if she will only be so charitable to confess it, that she has a much higher opinion of the knights of old than of her majesty's army at the present day. Now have you not, Miss Kinnaird?"

"If Edith would rather have a great murdering

baron who could neither read nor write, than an accomplished, educated, rational man, I can only say she is very foolish," observed Kinnaird.

"You could not possibly say anything milder under the circumstances," returned his friend. "But I see I must take you home, where we can argue the question at our leisure. We are keeping the ladies up unconscionably late after your sister's fatigue."

Frank rose at this hint, and the gentlemen took their leave. "I am afraid I go away in disgrace," said Captain Everard, as he shook hands with me, "but you have a very charitable expression of countenance, and I shall trust to you, first to forgive me yourself, and then to make my peace with that young lady, with whom I can scarcely venture to shake hands."

"If I thought you were really and thoroughly in earnest," rejoined she, doubtfully, "I should think a great deal worse of you than I do."

"Then I beg you will continue to suppose me in jest," cried he, as he quitted the room.

"That is a singular person," said I, when we were left alone. "Is he a very intimate friend of your brother's?"

"The dearest friend Frank has in the world," replied Edith; "I have been hearing Captain Everard's praises ever since he got his first commission; I believe he has a great many good qualities, and he has been invaluable to Frank—and his conversation is interesting—one could not go to sleep over it as one so often feels inclined to do with commonplace people—but I cannot say that I like him."

"I should not like him for a friend," I observed cautiously.

"I dislike him excessively," cried she, with energy. And so we parted for the night.

What a number of little worlds revolve, unsuspected, under the uniform surface of that complex and mysterious thing, society! The only words spoken that evening which had penetrated into my heart, and which remained there, were the careless expressions of Frank Kinnaird, "that he looked upon me as an old friend *because he had heard so much of me in his childhood*." Amid the interminable musings which arose out of this little sentence, I fell asleep.

#### CHAPTER III.

EDITH and I had scarcely finished breakfast, the following morning, when Mrs. Alvanley arrived. I was not disposed to thwart her evident wish to be considered "one of the family," and I allowed her full scope for ingratiating herself with my fair young charge, of which she proceeded to avail herself by paying Miss Kinnaird the most marked attention, implying rather than expressing (every young lady will understand how this may be done) a very lively degree of admiration of her personal charms, and volunteering a description of the principal families of the neighborhood, which she gave with some spirit and piquancy, and a little ill-nature.

"You are new to this style of society, my dear," she concluded, "and you will be not a little amused as its involved and nicely-balanced machinery gradually opens to your observation. Happy girl! You don't even know the difference between the 'town set' and 'the county families'—the brand of disgrace and the badge of honor; neither are you aware of that mysterious system of progression by which you rise in gentility as you retreat from the

baleful precincts of the town. Now, the wife of a gentleman farmer who lives in a 'place of his own'—Heaven save the mark!—three miles up the country, is too elegant to visit the lady of an officer, whose family is ten times better than her own, but who is so unfortunate as to dwell within the turnpike. Then you must learn to distinguish the gradation of costume, which delicately marks the various classes, from the Parisian capote and gaudy satins of the attorney's lady, to the straw bonnets and sober-tinted garments of the member's wife and daughters, aristocracy increasing as outward show of it diminishes. All this you will see with your own eyes next Sunday."

"Next Sunday!" repeated Edith innocently. "What happens then?"

"Why, you go to church, to be sure," replied Mrs. Alvanley, "and you will then have an excellent opportunity of seeing all the varieties assembled together, and, if you class them according to bonnets, remembering the rule I have given you, you can't fail of discovering the two extremes at once, though you will require a little practice to discern accurately the intermediate grades."

"I will be very attentive," said Edith, with a glance of extreme amusement at me, "and I dare say, by the third or fourth Sunday, I shall know them all asunder, and be able to reckon them over separately in my mind while the sermon is going on. Don't you think so?"

"Oh fie!" cried Mrs. Alvanley, playfully; "don't let Miss Forde think that I am corrupting your principles. You must listen to the sermon, of course; Mr. Lymes is a very fine preacher."

"Then am I to count the bonnets during prayers?" demanded Edith pertinaciously.

Her instructress seemed a little embarrassed. "Nay, you are rather severe," she said; "I did not of course mean that. But one has plenty of time for such things during the going in and coming out."

"Preparation for service—and practical result produced by it—I understand exactly," said Edith; and then added quickly, as if afraid she was being too satirical, "but Mrs. Alvanley, that is the regular conventional description of vulgarity and gentility which you have given—that classing people by their dress. I don't think it holds good in reality—at least I'm sure it would not with me, for I would never put on an unbecoming poke bonnet for the sake of looking aristocratic in a country church."

"I admire that sentiment," cried Captain Everard, entering the room with Frank Kinnaird; "it is as genuine as it is boldly expressed. No higher principle can be proposed to a young lady than that of always doing, thinking, and wearing, whatever is most becoming."

Miss Kinnaird was a little out of countenance, but laughed heartily.

"Well," she said, "it is what we all do, only we are not all brave enough to confess it."

"Very true," returned he; "and it is a fine thing to do what you have done—namely to bring your avowed principles to the same level as your actions. We won't inquire *how* you have achieved it, but will leave the imagination to conclude that it was by raising the one—not by lowering the other."

"Oh, I can't contend with you," exclaimed Edith. "But I was in hopes that a night's rest would have produced a happier frame of mind. I



laid your misanthropy last night to the account of your fatiguing journey, but I begin to be afraid that it is inherent."

"Yes," he replied, "I was born with a cold heart and a sour temper, and I am glad of it. It saves a world of trouble. All those sentiments which you will have to learn by a tedious and afflictive process, which I won't pain you by describing, come to me naturally."

"They are not sentiments at all," cried Edith. "Don't degrade the word by such an application."

"Give them a name, then," said he. "What shall I call them?"

"You may call them prejudices and mistakes, if you please," answered Miss Kinnaird smiling; "I dare not, you see, because I have not known you long enough."

I interrupted the combatants by introducing Captain Everard to Mrs. Alvanley. After the usual civilities had been exchanged, he said, addressing himself to me, "I have had an adventure this morning, and I am eager to tell it."

"Indeed!" cried I, "pray indulge yourself. We are all anxious to hear."

"We were alone in the drawing-room at Acton cottage," he began. "I was studying; Kinnaird was smoking a cigar."

"I!" cried Frank indignantly, "I was not doing anything of the sort. And as to your studies—"

"My dear fellow!" interrupted Everard, "these little graphic touches give life to my narration. If you were not smoking a cigar, you might have been; and so there is no harm in handing you down to posterity as having been actually so engaged at a given time. But let me go on. A thundering knock at the door disturbed us—we foreboded visitors; and Frank, who is apt to indulge in a few graceful *ad libitum* variations of costume during a morning at home, was forced to beat a hasty retreat."

"This is the most unfair mode of telling a story that I ever heard," interposed Kinnaird.

"You shall set it all right when I have done," said his friend; "you shall supply a commentary, like the notes to a ghost story, in which the editor takes pains to let his readers know that he is not such a fool as to believe what he is telling, though his teeth chatter, and his hair stands on end, all the while. Well, my teeth chattered I assure you; no ghost could have been so awful as the apparition which followed that knock at the door, and came upon me, deserted and solitary as I was. A lady, enveloped in a perfect haze of gauzes and laces, and the like unsubstantial investments, glided into the room, and addressed me with a degree of warmth that would have overcome a man less acquainted with the amiable impressibility of the sex than myself."

Mrs. Alvanley, Miss Kinnaird, and I, all exclaimed at this, and insisted on his retracting before he could be allowed to proceed.

"Well, then, I recant," cried he; "they are not generally impressive. It is only where I am concerned. Now, don't interrupt me again, pray. You shall be allowed your commentary, as well as Kinnaird, when I have finished. This fair lady addressed me as follows. I shall try to give you her exact words: 'You will excuse this unceremonious visit; but I am so very anxious to make your acquaintance, that I resolved to dispense with etiquette, and come in person to secure you for my party on Thursday evening.' I bowed, and said I should be very happy to come. I always accept

invitations, how inexplicable soever they may be. She proceeded—'I am afraid there was a mistake about the note I sent you; I am afraid it was left at the wrong house. But I felt justified by my intimacy with your lovely sister—' Miss Kinnaird, I beg your pardon, I forgot you were in the room. The unknown continued to talk about you for some time. 'To be sure,' she justly observed, 'that girl is—,'"

"How can you be so absurd?" cried Edith, laughing and coloring. "But who was the lady? She mistook you for Frank, of course; and she must be some friend of mine. Do tell me who she was."

"Oh, he'll never tell you!" said Kinnaird. "When he is in this humor there's no getting a word of sense out of him. It was Lady Vaughan. You know they have property in this neighborhood, and young Lord Vaughan came of age two months ago, and is come down with his mother to winter here. I expect they will be uncommonly pleasant neighbors."

"Lady Vaughan!" repeated Edith, her color deepening as she spoke; "oh, I know her very well. I spent five weeks in the same house with her last midsummer, and she was very kind to me. I am glad they are here."

"Was Lord Vaughan of the party also?" inquired Captain Everard quietly.

"Yes!" replied Edith, looking down; "they were both there."

"Lord Vaughan is an extremely good fellow," said Frank. "I saw a good deal of him at Weymouth last autumn, and I liked him very much. They will be great acquisitions. They are coming to call here to-day, Miss Forde," added he, turning to me, "as they are most anxious to bespeak you and Edith for this ball of theirs next Thursday. And Lady Vaughan begged me to break the ice for her, and induce you to excuse such short notice; it was only the day before yesterday that she knew we were all coming here."

I said nothing of the three weeks which I had passed at Enmore without receiving a visit from Lady Vaughan, who unfortunately had not suspected that the beautiful heiress, whose acquaintance she was so anxious to cultivate, could be coming to reside with a person so unimportant as myself; but I made haste to answer the eager inquiry in Edith's eyes by saying that I should certainly accept the invitation.

"How good of you!" cried Mrs. Alvanley; "you who hate gayety, and go so little into society! Remember, dear Miss Forde, whenever you find the duties of a chaperon at all too much for you, I shall be most happy to relieve you."

I knew that Mrs. Alvanley would have given her ears to have obtained the *entrée* into Lady Vaughan's house, so I took the self-sacrificing offer for just as much as it was worth, and replied coolly that I had always contemplated accompanying Miss Kinnaird into such society as Alford could afford her, and that I rejoiced for her sake in having to begin the duties of a chaperon so early and so auspiciously.

We were interrupted here by the announcement of the very persons who formed the subject of our conversation; namely Lord and Lady—or, as I suppose I ought to say in the present case—Lady and Lord Vaughan.

Lady Vaughan was a lively, elegant woman, still on the sunny side of fifty, with easy manners, and an abundance of small talk. She contrived to keep

the two young men, Mrs. Alvanley, and myself, thoroughly engaged in conversation with her; while her son devoted himself to Miss Kinnaird in that direct, immediate, and business-like manner, which marks the flirtations of some men, and which seems to say, "I came here solely for the purpose of seeing you, and I mean to make the most of my time." This kind of wooing leaves no room for the timid flutter, the sensitive doubt, or the consciousness which detects secret engrossment under assumed indifference; it is resolute and undisguised throughout, and seeks no shadier spot wherein to pour forth its sentimentalities than the ball-room staircase, or the opera lobby. And the character of such a lover, consistently enough, is generally marked by a disposition to seize the prominent features, and overlook the finer details, of whatsoever is submitted to his consideration; you shall find that his enjoyment of Shakspeare is confined to an interest in the story of the play, and that his admiration of the country centres in an intense appreciation of pic-nics. Lord Vaughan, however, was a very favorable specimen of his class. Good-looking, gentlemanlike, and fluent, he amused Edith so well, that there was not a single pause in their conversation, while his merest nothings were rendered interesting by the tone of deference and the look of admiration with which he uttered them.

I watched my fair charge closely, but could not satisfy myself that her symptoms indicated any feeling deeper than the gentle charity wherewith a girl invariably judges her first admirer. Still her state was, to say the least of it, promising; she blushed, smiled, and did not look him straight in the face; there was no saying to what it might come. I knew that Lord Vaughan bore a very high character, and that, in point of circumstances and position, he was an unexceptionable *parti*, so I resolved to give him every assistance in my power, and I could not help indulging a little triumph as I remembered Owen's exceedingly low opinion of my capacity as a manœuvrer, and anticipated his perfect contentment with the engagement into which I expected that his ward would enter while under my charge. Only two things specially worthy of note occurred ere the lady and her son took leave, viz., Edith was engaged for the first polka on Thursday evening, and Mrs. Alvanley was expressly included in the invitation to the ball. She owed this little piece of good fortune to the foresight which had induced her to take off her bonnet and shawl immediately after her arrival: Lady Vaughan having concluded, naturally enough, that she was a visitor in the house.

"Well, Edith, I congratulate you!" cried Frank, when we were alone again. "A ball and a conquest so soon after your debut—it is more than you could have expected."

"Yes," replied his sister, "isn't it nice?"

"Isn't it nice?" repeated Captain Everard, inquiringly. "Which?"

"Neither is to be despised, I assure you," observed Kinnaird. "Lord Vaughan is a most agreeable fellow, and what is more, he bears the highest character possible."

"Indeed," said Everard drily, "what has he done?"

"Done!" reiterated his friend, half puzzled, half indignant. "I don't know what you mean, Everard. What whim now is it, that induces you to run down Lord Vaughan?"

"Run him down!" cried Captain Everard, a little indignant in his turn; "I never had such an

idea; only you are running him up so confoundedly, that it makes a man look about to discover what he has done. 'The highest character, possible,' simply means that this promising youth of twenty-one is neither a gamester nor a drunkard; at least, I believe that is the plain English of the phrase."

"Nay," interposed I; "you must not deal so strictly with mere conversational expressions. Moreover, I think that a man's merits ought to be judged according to his temptations; and you will allow, that, to a young man entering life under Lord Vaughan's circumstances, temptations are neither few nor trivial."

"My dear madam," exclaimed he with earnestness, "Lord Vaughan may be an angel for anything I know, and very probably is. Pray don't fancy that I want to depreciate him."

"No," said Edith, "it is human nature in general that you want to depreciate. You want to renew the argument of last night."

"I did not remember that there *was* an argument last night," observed he quietly—"who argued?"

I felt absolutely enraged at this rudeness, but Miss Kinnaird only laughed and said, "How insulting!"

"I thought," replied he, "it would rather be an insult to a lady to suppose her capable of arguing. Surely it militates a little against that ethereal gentleness which characterizes all the females in your ideal world, and which endears them so much to the high-souled generous men, as companions for whom they were created."

"I wish you would not pretend to know anything about my ideal world," exclaimed she, "you make dreadful mistakes about it. Besides, I should like to know which is most to be reprobated—a woman who cannot argue, or a man who cannot believe!"

"Don't reckon me in the latter class!" cried he, catching for a moment the eagerness of her tone.

"How delightful!" said Edith. "For once you have said what you think."

He laughed. "You don't know me," was his answer, "or you would know that I always speak as I think. You charitably give me credit for being a vast deal better than I seem; on the contrary, like most of my fellow-creatures, I am a vast deal worse."

"I don't think that is possible," cried Edith. "Nay, you need not laugh; I assure you I am in earnest. According to your own profession, you have neither faith, hope, nor charity."

"That is a tremendous accusation," he replied; "of course you are prepared to substantiate it."

"You cannot deny it," persisted she; "you have no faith in human nature, no hope that it will ever become any better than it is, and therefore, of course, no charity."

"You have described me exactly," said he, bowing; "your insight into character is wonderful; you ought to write fashionable and domestic novels."

But Edith was not to be bantered out of her severity. Whether it was that she was genuinely interested in the subject, or that she was a little angry at the disparaging tone which Captain Everard had adopted about Lord Vaughan, I cannot say, but she proceeded with increased animation. "Do you know that I think your opinions are, if sincere, the most wonderful and the most miserable that I ever met with? Have you never in all your life met with affection—real, true, unselfish affection, that can overcome and endure everything?"

There was a momentary expression of pain in his face, as if he shrank from the subject—at least

so I fancied—but it passed away in an instant, and he answered in his former enigmatical tone, in which neither Edith nor I were able to separate the jest from the earnest, the assumption from the reality: "Oh! yes, often! It is a very pretty thing to play with when the sun shines."

Edith looked at him with an expression of genuine horror; he laughed, and after a moment's pause she continued. "Well, then, we won't talk about yourself. Of course you must know yourself better than I do, and if you say that you are incapable of feeling anything, I am bound to believe you. But I will maintain that you have no right to judge other people by the same rule. You must look upon yourself as an exception, and when you want to understand others, you must take it for granted that they have minds and hearts unlike your own. Now, there is Frank, for instance—pray don't fancy that his friendship for you is like yours for him."

"Frank is a very good fellow," said Captain Everard, with the same provoking smile, looking towards his friend, who had withdrawn to the further end of the room to write a letter; "and I am so well satisfied with his friendship that I would not wish to look too closely into it."

"Do you mean to say that his affection is only a plaything for a sunshiny day?" exclaimed Edith, indignantly; "do you mean to say that if you were in trouble he would not make sacrifices in order to serve you?"

"I would never ask him," returned Everard.

"Why not! Would you be too proud to ask a service, even of a friend?"

"No," said he, "but I like to keep a few little snug illusions as long as I can; at any rate I wouldn't disperse them with my own hand. But it is a shame to talk to you in this manner. Your faith in your own illusions is so zealous that I would not disturb it for the world."

"You could not," cried she. "My illusions, as you call them, are *truth*, and that is my great comfort. It is not because I am young and a woman that I think in this manner—the older I grow, the more steadfastly I hope I shall believe in the reality of everything which you despise! I would rather die this moment than think as you do!"

He looked at her an instant with a half-amused, half-admiring expression, and then replied—"Di chi mi fido, guardami Dio! Di chi non mi fido mi guarderò io!" You know the proverb, doubtless. Kinnaird, is n't it time for us to be moving?"

"I'll follow you," replied Frank, looking up; "I must finish this letter."

Captain Everard bowed and took his leave.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Oh Frank!" cried Edith, throwing herself on the sofa beside her brother, "I don't like your friend at all!"

"Not like him! Now my dear Edith, that is so like a school-girl—making up your mind that you don't like a man, after two days' acquaintance!"

"I never could like him, if I were to know him for years—besides, I think one knows very well by the end of two days how far it is possible to like a person."

Her brother laughed.

"Now don't tease me, Frank," she pursued; "I am not school-girlish; and really your friend's opinions are so very dreadful, that it would be impossible for me to like him."

\* "God protect me from the man I trust! I will protect myself from him whom I trust not!"

"My dear child, he only talks in that manner for the sake of argument. A man always tries to provoke a girl when he wants to draw her out."

"But I do not like to be played with in that manner. Besides, I am quite sure he was in earnest in a great deal of what he said."

"What! in his misanthropy?" asked Frank. "Poor fellow! it is no wonder that he is a little soured; when you know his story, you will understand directly that it is almost impossible for him to take a cheerful view of life. His father died some four and twenty years ago, leaving a widow with three young children, of whom Philip, scarcely then eight years old, was the eldest. Mrs. Everard was a very attractive woman, and her children idolized her. I remember her well—there was about her that sort of undisguised warmth, nay, almost excitability of manner, which people are apt to consider a sign of deep feeling, and which, when it is accompanied by grace, fluency, and gentleness, makes a woman absolutely irresistible. But, after all, I distrust the sort of thing myself—there's no substance in it. She was the kind of woman that would go into hysterics one hour because something reminded her of her husband, and be the life and queen of a gay circle the next."

"She must have been a hypocrite," said Edith, with the unhesitating decision of eighteen.

"No," replied I; "I have known characters of that stamp in the course of my life, and should say of them, with Byron, 'They are not false, but they are fickle.' There is a fascination in the freedom and nature with which such a woman displays the very feelings which, when real, are reserved and retiring—a fascination which perhaps at first would only be resisted by a mind of unusual refinement; but, as your brother says, 'there is no substance in it.' Shakspeare, who touches everything, has given us the model of such a character in his Lady Anne, 'inconstant, shallow, changing.' Those who quarrel with the picture as *unnatural*, or who would destroy its truth by explaining away either the genuineness of her tears over her husband's corpse, or the sincerity of the weakness with which she yields to the wooing of that very husband's murderer, mistake the intention of the portrait altogether. Its very nature consists in its contradictions, which, to the merely theoretical observer, make it appear unnatural—but pray, Mr. Kinnaird, go on with Mrs. Everard's history."

He resumed: "Philip was a boy of unusual talent, and excessively warm affections—you may look incredulous if you please, Edith, but I have all these particulars from the very highest authority. He positively worshipped his mother. He was sent to school early; and therefore it was not to be expected that, as he grew old enough to observe, the true shallowness of her character should be discovered by him. To him she was enthusiastically affectionate; welcoming him and parting from him with floods of tears, loading him with caresses, insisting on receiving a letter from him at least once a week while they were separated, and indulging him to the very uttermost when they were together. The family arrangements were rather peculiar. Mr. Everard was a poor man, and the property which he left behind him did not amount to more than four hundred a year; this he divided equally between the widow and the eldest son, leaving the sole guardianship of the boy in the hands of a friend of tried discretion, and recommending to both, in the most earnest and affectionate terms, the charge of the two younger children.



Philip was destined for the church; he was a remarkable boy, and, even from a very early age, fully comprehending the position of the family, he habituated himself to the practice of the strictest personal self-denial. His guardian, from whom I learned these circumstances, told me, that, during a vacation which the boy passed under his roof when not more than twelve years old, his economy was so strict as to attract attention. He was evidently living by system—he refused steadily all the petty luxuries of the table, and either had no pocket-money at all, or, if he had any, never spent it. Mr. Gray, who had no very high opinion of Mrs. Everard, began to suspect that the allowance which he made her for her son's use, was partly appropriated to other purposes—or else that the boy himself was naturally stingy—a thing almost inconceivable. So he called Philip into his study one morning, and questioned him, kindly but closely. The little fellow answered with the utmost simplicity, 'that he had lately read for the first time the letter which his father had left for him, and that, now that he understood exactly how they were all circumstanced, he was trying to accustom himself to live upon as little as possible, in order that there might be money saved to pay for the education of his brothers,' (twins, seven years younger than himself.) 'For you know,' he added, 'Mamma must of course have her two hundred a year to keep house with, and I must pay for Ralph and Harry's schooling.' Mr. Gray was touched, and promised his assistance in the education of the younger boys; but though Philip thanked him warmly, he appeared to consider the responsibility inalienably his own, and did not relax the strictness of his self-imposed rule. As he grew older, he showed the most passionate love of study, and his soul seemed to be entirely absorbed in the profession for which he was preparing himself. He went to college, and there his merit was great indeed, if it is to be tried by your rule, Miss Forde, and praised proportionately to the temptations which it had to withstand. I believe I may say, speaking plain and unvarnished truth, that he never allowed himself in the smallest expense that was not absolutely necessary—and you must know what that implies, when it describes the life of a youth during his first term at college. He had to contend not merely against the vulgar weapons of ridicule, which have ever found him proof, but against the more dangerous assaults of courtesy, kindness, and friendship. For he had all the qualities which make a man popular—person, manners, conversational power both grave and humorous, high spirits, and love of adventure. Moreover he was by nature peculiarly susceptible of the attractions of society; he never could do anything by halves—he liked in the morning to shut himself up in his rooms and read for six hours without intermission, and then to spend the rest of the day either in vehement bodily exercise, or complete relaxation and reckless merriment. Think what it must have been to a character of this stamp, to lead a life in which the stern monotony of self-denial and seclusion was unvaried by a single indulgence! yet I do believe that at this time he was happy—happier than he has ever been since, poor fellow! Every energy of his nature was engrossed and occupied by one object—he was living for a purpose worthy of his entire self-devotion, and the fulfilment of which that self-devotion was sure eventually to attain. 'Every day,' as he once said, on the only occasion on which I have

heard him allude to his early trials—'every day was a battle—but then it was a battle which ended in victory.'"

"Oh!" cried Edith, whose expressive countenance had kindled into emotion as her brother proceeded with his story; "you are describing a most noble character! I never should have given him credit for such heroism. And why did he change? Why did not he go into orders after all?"

Frank laughed. "Everard would tell you," said he, "that you are as exaggerated in your praise as you were in your condemnation; and that it is true young lady philosophy to spring from one extreme to another."

"Well, never mind," returned Edith, impatiently; "I don't want to hear Captain Everard's sharp speeches by proxy; and I do want, very much indeed, to know what happened next."

"He came home for his first vacation," said Frank, "after spending the college term in the manner which I have described to you—came for repose, affection, family comfort—and found that his mother had been married the day before to her younger boys' French master; that she had quitted her home with this scoundrel, and deserted the two poor boys, not only leaving them entirely dependent on their elder brother, but actually leaving unpaid debts for him to discharge! and this without a word of preparation or of farewell; only a note, left for Everard, full of hollow expressions of affection for himself and his brothers, and appeals to him not to resent her having taken the only step which could procure her happiness for the remainder of her life."

"What a woman!" exclaimed I. Edith was speechless with horror. Frank continued his narration.

"It appears that she was infatuated by her passion for this man; and that, devoting herself to him with a weak idolatry, she became a passive tool in his hands, and abandoned her children's interest for his without compunction. His object, of course, was to obtain exclusive mastery of her little income; and with that view he induced her to conceal her intentions till the marriage was actually completed, and they were beyond the reach of remonstrance. He carried her to France; and it is only charitable to conclude that he keeps her in the state of subjection which she deserves, for she has never answered a single letter addressed to her, nor testified the smallest desire to know whether her children are dead or alive."

"Inconceivable heartlessness!" said Edith; "she must be acting under compulsion, and I hope she is thoroughly miserable."

"By this time," pursued her brother, "I suppose Everard has your full sympathies, and you have transferred your hatred for him to his mother. He behaved admirably. Whatever he may have felt, he betrayed it not for a moment; he at once abandoned all his prospects, accepted a commission which was offered to him by a friend of his late father, gave up the whole of his own income for the use of the younger children, and lived upon his pay. He has never since mentioned his mother's name. Doubtless there is a stern and bitter feeling at his heart, all the stronger for being so resolutely suppressed. But now, Edith, is it wonderful that his nature should be a little soured, and his faith in his fellow-creatures a little shaken? For eighteen years of his life he believed his mother to be the very perfection of unselfish tenderness, and would have held it sacrilege to doubt her. Can such a

feeling as this be suddenly destroyed without the whole man undergoing a painful and irrevocable change!"

"And his hopes blighted, and his thoughts and course of life forced to a new and unnatural bent, and the source and spring of all affection in him dried up, as if by burning!—no, indeed! the wonder is that he did not become a misanthrope or a madman."

"I need not have feared your want of sympathy," said Kinnaid, smiling; "as to the rest, you know what a friend Everard has been to me; I owe it to him that I am not an utter scapegrace—most probably that I am alive at all; for you know how his steady friendship extricated me from the worst scrape I ever was in—the duel with that fellow Vincent. Without (I hope) being really ill-disposed, I was open to every temptation, ready for every mischief that came in my way; but for him I believe I should have become a confirmed gambler. I shall be grateful to him as long as I live, as I ought to be; and some day or other perhaps he will do more justice to my feelings towards him than I am afraid he does just now; though, mark you, I do not take all the nonsense he has been talking to you for his earnest opinion."

"Oh! I shall understand him now!" replied Edith; "his bitterness of tone is not only natural, but inevitable. How I hope," she added thoughtfully, "that he may be rewarded by happiness after all!"

The conversation dropped here, for Frank departed to put his letters into the post, and Edith fell into so deep a reverie that I did not like to disturb her.

The week which was to be endured (the expression is scarcely too strong, when applied to the feelings of a girl of eighteen awaiting her first ball) ere the important Thursday should arrive, passed away much as might have been anticipated. Frank and Captain Everard were perpetually with us; but, though Edith had become charity itself towards the latter, in consequence of the interest she felt in his history, I confess that my own feelings with regard to him were by no means softened. His agreeableness and conversational powers were undeniable; but the offensiveness of his opinions seemed rather to increase than to diminish, while his total indifference to Edith's charms absolutely annoyed me. He still maintained that tone of banter which rendered it difficult to separate jest from earnest in what he said, and well nigh impossible to discover how far the sentiments which he expressed were genuine, and how far they were merely assumed for the sake of drawing out his fair antagonist, whose enthusiasm seemed to increase in proportion to his levity, as though she were seriously bent on converting him to happier views. My dislike to him I think he perceived, but treated it with that contemptuous indifference which seems natural to the heart of man when the phenomenon ye call old maid is under consideration. With Lord Vaughan, on the other hand, I was every day more pleased; I say "every day," for he was literally a daily visitor. A message from his mother, a book to borrow or lend, a song to introduce and sentimentalize over, (for he had all that shallow gentleman-like enthusiasm about music which consists in an uncriticizing admiration of a pretty song from the lips of a pretty girl;) some pretext or other was sure to bring him up the garden-sweep, a little before the witching hour of luncheon; and then it was not his fault if arrangements were not made

which ensured that the rest of the morning, if not the whole of the day, should be passed in the society of the beautiful heiress. All that I saw of him I liked. He was unaffected, lively, and good-humored; and, if not very refined in his tastes or intellectual in his pursuits, I was disposed to think that a sensible wife might make just what she pleased of him. That Edith was his superior in mental power there could be little doubt; but I persuaded myself that this was of no consequence—forgetting, or overlooking, the fact, that he was destitute of that ascendancy of character which alone can compensate for the want of intellectual superiority; and that an union in which the wife moulds the husband, and not the husband the wife, is one with which love, properly so called, can have nothing whatever to do.

## CHAPTER V.

THURSDAY evening came, and I was not disappointed in Edith's appearance. The splendor of her beauty produced a sensation of which it was scarcely possible that she should be unconscious, and to which perhaps the deep blush which burned on her cheeks and lent double radiance to her eyes, might be attributed. Her brother was in ecstasies, and watched the progress of Lord Vaughan's attentions to her with manifest satisfaction. I was in the boudoir which had been metamorphosed into a conservatory for the evening, making some very small talk about the flowers for Captain Everard—among whose sins of omission, that of never dancing may be reckoned—when Kinnaid approached us. He came evidently to be complimented on his sister's appearance; but he was in too great a hurry to wait for us to begin the subject, so he started with a leading question, cautiously suggestive.

"Edith looks well to-night, does she not?" said he.

I answered, as I felt, very warmly; but his appealing eye passed to Captain Everard, who, as though it had never before occurred to him to inquire whether Miss Kinnaid were ugly or beautiful, made a step forward, so as to command a view of the dancing-room, and, after a pause of provokingly quiet consideration, replied—

"Yes; Miss Kinnaid is certainly very handsome."

"You don't admire that style," said Frank, scarcely able to conceal his chagrin.

"Indeed I do," returned Everard, "I admire all styles."

"The most unsatisfactory answer you could possibly have made," cried I.

"I am unfortunate," observed he, with a half smile. "But here comes a gentleman, whose open raptures are likely to give more satisfaction than my quiet approval. Unhappily you know—or perhaps happily for myself—I am not made of inflammable materials."

As he spoke, the polka broke up, and Lord Vaughan sauntered into the conservatory with Edith leaning on his arm. They were in animated conversation, and came direct to us, the lady appealing to me with a mixture of playfulness and earnest to induce her partner to restore some flowers which he had stolen from her bouquet, while he on his part was manifestly determined to retain them. I could not make out whether Miss Kinnaid was pleased or annoyed at her companion's broadly-expressed devotion, but she wound up her oration by suddenly turning to Captain Everard, (who had taken no part in the discussion, though Frank and

I had interested ourselves in it as in duty bound,) and saying—

"I am only asking for justice. Why do you look so satirical?"

He roused himself to answer the challenge. "If I did look satirical," said he, "I suppose it was because I was amused at the modesty of your request. You *only* asked for—justice!"

"Well," she replied, "and could I ask for less?"

"Could you hope for more?" answered he. "Nay, could even your sanguine imagination hope for so much? I won't say that justice is a rare phenomenon in this world, because that would imply that it is occasionally to be met with."

"And do you mean to say," cried Lord Vaughan, in utter surprise, "that it is *never* to be met with? Really this is a most extraordinary idea."

"It is not in reality, so unwelcome as it seems at first sight," rejoined Everard, quietly. "Justice—which is all Miss Kinnaird asks for or needs," he added, with a bow, as if the necessity of the compliment had suddenly occurred to him, "would be to many people an object of fear rather than hope."

"And you think no one is ever really just to another," said Edith, thoughtfully, as though she had been pondering his words.

"I do indeed," he replied, "a man feels too much to be really just—a woman, too little."

"Your paradox is for once true," cried Edith with spirit. "A man does always feel his own wrongs very keenly, while a woman is apt to overlook hers, or ready to forgive them."

"Your ingenuity deserves the compliment of submission," answered he, "so I resign my arms."

"You are wise every way," rejoined Edith more gravely than was her wont, "for whether you win or lose, the contest is scarcely suited to a ball-room. So I will leave you to your misanthropy, and try whether it be possible to force a passage into the ice-room."

Lord Vaughan was only too happy to comply with the suggestion contained in her last words, and they moved away. Miss Kinnaird's praise of the ball, on the following morning, was rather more languid than I had expected, but I suppose this might fairly be attributed to fatigue.

Two months have passed since I wrote the last sentence, and I resume my pen to recount the occurrences of the closing week of the period, which has been anything but uneventful. Kinnaird entered the drawing-room where I was at work, and Captain Everard reading in a corner. His countenance was expressive of business, and that not of an agreeable kind; and he addressed me immediately, either overlooking or disregarding his friend's presence.

"I have been walking with Edith, Miss Forde. Do you know what has happened?"

"I have not seen her since breakfast," cried I. "What is the matter?"

"Why nothing to break one's heart about, certainly," he replied, "but I own I am a good deal disappointed. Lord Vaughan has offered to her."

"And does that disappoint you?" exclaimed I. "I have only been surprised that it has not happened sooner. May I go and wish her joy?"

"As long as you don't wish *him* joy," said Kinnaird, "it matters very little what you say to her. She has refused him."

I could only repeat his words, in profound amazement.

"Yes," he reiterated, "she has refused him point blank. I can't quite make her out about it; but one thing is very clear, that she is not to be shaken. The marriage would have been so agreeable to me in every way, that I own I had rather set my heart upon it; but her determination was so unhesitating that I could scarcely attempt to dispute it; and you know, to speak common sense, and put romance out of the question, Edith is so young and so pretty, that she may very well afford to wait a year or two before she makes her choice."

There was no questioning the truth of this assertion; still he was evidently disappointed, and I could not but sympathize with his feelings. I too had been indulging in anticipations and hopes, and it was not agreeable to have them annihilated when I least expected it. I had fancied that the intimacy between Edith and her lover was rapidly assuming a tender character on both sides; indeed, the idea that the offer had been already made and accepted, but was for some reason concealed, had more than once occurred to me. I could not understand it, and I did not affect to do so.

"Edith's manner has entirely misled me," said I, "and I fear she has been unintentionally misleading Lord Vaughan. I hope they did not part in bitterness."

"I hope not," was his reply. "She has not a particle of the coquette in her composition, and I conclude that the encouragement which she has unwittingly given arose from her consciousness of her own indifference, and her unconsciousness of any warmer feeling in him. Were she two years older I should fancy that her affections were pre-engaged—but, as it is, that is quite impossible—so it is altogether a mystery."

Nothing more entirely amazes and bewilders a man than the discovery that a woman who is disengaged has refused an unobjectionable offer. It is the greatest trial of faith to which he can be subjected; for it jars with all his preconceived ideas, and stands before him as a fact for which there is actually no place in his system, and in order to account for which the system itself must undergo a radical change. Few, however, are candid enough for this; such occurrences generally form a fresh illustration of the German aphorism, "so much the worse for the facts," and receive a shape or a color from the mind of the observer which so alters them as to enable him to explain them satisfactorily to himself.

But to return. My short conversation with Captain Kinnaird was succeeded by that grave and awkward silence which commonly occurs between two persons who have the same displeasing theme to occupy their thoughts, and do not in the least know what to say to each other about it. This was interrupted by Captain Everard, whom we had both forgotten, but who now came forward, and addressed his friend somewhat hurriedly,—

"Kinnaird, have you any commands for London? I am sorry to say I'm obliged to be off on very short notice."

"Obliged to be off!" cried Frank, in astonishment. "Why Everard, are you mad?"

"I don't see any proof of insanity in it," returned Everard, coloring immoderately; "I have letters which—in short, it don't admit of delay—and go I must."

"I hope you have not received bad news, Captain Everard?" said I, civilly.



"No, I thank you," rejoined he—"only urgent business."

"But Everard!" cried Kinnaird, who was still gazing at him in silent wonder.

"My dear fellow, there's no use in talking about it. I am sorry to be obliged to close my visit so abruptly; but I do assure you—"

"This won't do," interrupted Frank, seizing him by the arm; "scarcely an hour ago you were talking of your plans here for the next six weeks; and, as for your being summoned away by a letter, I wonder you are not ashamed to offer me such an excuse. You know very well there has been no post since the morning. Everard, what does this mean? It is not friendly—it is not fair. Why do you change color so? What has happened? Has anything offended you? Have you quarrelled with anybody?"

Captain Everard was absolutely silent, and seemed to be overpowered by an embarrassment as unaccountable as it was unusual. After a moment's pause, Kinnaird proceeded with increased energy.

"I *must* have an explanation. You have altered your plans since I came into this room. It is not possible that Edith's refusal of Lord Vaughan can have affected you—Everard! Is it possible that Edith—"

He came to a pause here, in the series of breathless and bewildered questions which he had poured forth so rapidly that he scarcely seemed to comprehend them himself. Captain Everard, releasing himself from his grasp, answered in a low, quick voice, as he moved away—

"It would have been more generous, Frank, to leave the subject untouched. I expected that your sister's engagement to Lord Vaughan would have been declared: now that I find she has refused him, I feel that I had better go. Let us say no more about it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you love Edith?" cried Frank, following him.

"I have been in constant intercourse with her for more than two months; is not that answer enough?" returned his friend.

"But it is unnecessary for you to speak," he added, proudly, "you cannot be more fully conscious than I am of the impossibility—"

"My dearest Philip!" exclaimed Kinnaird, shaking him by both hands, and well nigh embracing him in his transport; "this is what I wished and hoped; but you were so impracticably cold, that I was forced to give up the idea. Edith and you were made for each other, and I want nothing but your union to make me the happiest fellow alive. What absurd scruple has kept you silent? Don't stare at me, man, as if your senses had taken leave of you! From the first moment you became my friend, my pet vision has been the thought of bringing you and my sister together, if only she should grow up worthy of you; and I rather think you won't deny that the condition is fulfilled. Where is Edith?"

"Frank! Frank!" cried Everard, vainly attempting to detain him as he darted from the room—

"For Heaven's sake, Captain Kinnaird, consider!"—exclaimed I, finding my tongue at last, and running after him in an absolute fever of alarm. But it availed not; he had seen Edith on the lawn, and had joined her before I got further than the steps of the drawing-room window. I saw him put his arm round her waist, and lead her away. Never was a hapless chaperon more utterly confounded.

I returned slowly into the apartment, where I found Everard sitting, his face hidden in his hands—

"And this," murmured he, as I approached—speaking, however, to himself, not to me—"and this is the man I thought shallow-hearted—this the world which—oh, folly and presumption!"

The broken sentences were most expressive, and I stood contemplating him in silence, and involuntarily and unconsciously giving him all my sympathy, and losing sight altogether of propriety, policy, wisdom, my own outraged dignity, and—Owen, who having entered the room unperceived, speedily challenged my attention by saying—

"Well, Peggy! have you not a word to say to me?"

If a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet—(to use an expression not uncommon in modern novels, the applicability of which I will not pause to discuss)—if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet, I could not have experienced greater terror or amazement. Scarcely retaining the command of my senses, I turned to him, exclaiming—

"Gracious Heavens! Owen! what has brought you here?"

"An affectionate reception, truly," returned he, apparently a little amazed—"I am sorry that my sudden apparition should disturb the even tenor of your housekeeping. I told you I would run down for a week or two, if I could; and yesterday I got a put off from Livingston, to whom I was going for the next fortnight; so, not conceiving it necessary to stand on much ceremony with you, I put myself into the mail last night—and here I am. One would almost fancy," added he, lowering his voice, with an expression of dry humor, "that I had interrupted a very interesting tête-à-tête."

"Of course I am delighted to see you," said I, recovering as well as I could from my bewilderment, and wishing him in the Queen's Bench, "only I was so excessively surprised. Pray allow me to introduce—Captain Everard—Mr. Owen Forde."

Captain Everard had risen from his seat, as soon as he became aware of the entrance of a stranger; he gave Owen bow for bow with due courtesy, but, apparently quite unable to compel himself to the ordinary civilities consequent on an introduction, murmured something about an imaginary appointment, and walked straight out of the room.

"Pray, who may Captain Everard be?" inquired Owen, "and, pray, where is my fair ward?"

"Where, indeed?" thought I. What a pair of questions! I grew desperate, yet was my position so ludicrous that I could almost have laughed. I could not tell Owen what had happened, or rather what was happening, for many reasons—two of which were that I understood it very imperfectly myself, and that I did not know whether Edith would accept or refuse Everard. In the latter case it would certainly be the best policy to say nothing whatever about it. Yet in my heart I felt almost certain that she would accept him—a sudden instinct seemed to have come upon me, and I marvelled at my own previous blindness. Had I answered Owen's two questions with plain sincerity, I might have said—"Who is Captain Everard?—A penniless soldier! Where is your ward?—In the garden accepting him!" I believe Owen would have screamed! And yet what was I to do? All this while it might be, and probably was, taking place, and nothing could be done to prevent it. Hurriedly reviewing the circumstances of all parties, and trying to conceal my perturbation from Owen's sur-

prised and inquiring eye, I resolved to get rid of him as quickly as possible, and to rush into the garden and obtain an interview with Miss Kinnaird, if possible, before she should see Captain Everard. So I answered my brother as indifferently as I could.

"He is a friend of Captain Kinnaird's, and is now staying with him. But, my dear Owen," ringing the bell, "you must be tired to death, and chilled to an icicle. Light a fire directly in the bay-windowed bedroom," I continued, addressing the servant who obeyed my summons, "get some hot water, and then let luncheon be ready for Mr. Forde. While you are making yourself comfortable, Owen, I will find Edith, and prepare her for the formidable introduction. I think she is walking in the garden."

"With Lord Vaughan, I hope," observed Owen, complacently.

Oh, with what compunction did I call to mind the triumphant letter which I had dispatched to Owen only a week ago, containing a rose-colored description of Lord Vaughan and his attentions! "I don't know," was my insincere rejoinder, and, as my eyes involuntarily wandered to the window, I fancied I could detect Edith's form in the shrubbery, on the further side of the lawn. Was she alone?

"I hope," continued Owen, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "I hope, my dear Peggy, that affair is progressing as favorably as when you last wrote. Few things could give me more unmixed satisfaction. I think it quite a case in which a very short engagement might be permitted, and I should not wonder if, instead of troubling Lady Frances with the chaperonage of an unfledged debutante, I shall have to request her to undertake the presentation of a bride—a much pleasanter office, I take it. I shall win the lover's heart by my readiness to shorten his probation, and, between ourselves, I don't know any house that would afford me such good head quarters as his, during my London visit. The experienced Lady Frances herself could not have proved a more judicious chaperon than you, my unsophisticated sister. *Je vous en fais mes compliments*. After all, you women have a prodigious advantage over us in that respect—your wit is inborn, and you don't require an apprenticeship to society to teach you how to use it. But what are you stretching your neck, and straining your eyes, at the window for? my dear Peggy, I do believe you have not heard a word I have been saying. What is the matter?"

No! Miss Kinnaird was *not* alone—and her companion was at least a head taller than Frank! Could I be expected to hear what Owen was saying? He reiterated his query—"What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh nothing," cried I, "I was merely looking for Edith. I perfectly agree with you—nothing can be more judicious."

"Than what?" demanded Owen.

"I really must go for Edith," exclaimed I. "Owen, your luncheon will be ready directly." And out of the room I ran, fairly unable to endure it any longer. As I closed the door, I heard Owen's natural ejaculation, "Very unaccountable, really!"

Almost on the threshold I met Captain Kinnaird, who, taking both my hands, thus greeted me: "Congratulate me, my dear Miss Forde! I'm afraid I did not manage the matter quite so delicately as I ought to have done—or as it would have been managed, had I left it in your hands—but all's well that ends well, you know, and the end of this is perfect. They are engaged hand and heart! I've just

been guilty of the cruelty, however, of breaking up their tête-à-tête, for Edith was a good deal overcome—in fact, altogether—I agitated her excessively—so now I have sent her to her own room to be quiet, and I rather think it will be best if you will be so kind as to go to her."

"But, do you know what you have done, Captain Kinnaird?" answered I; "and what will be the end of it? I have not an idea that Mr. Forde will consent to so unequal a marriage."

"Mr. Forde!"

"Yes; my brother; your sister's guardian."

"I'll be hanged if I ever thought of him for one single moment!" cried the young man, impatiently stamping his foot.

"I dare say not," observed I; "but I assure you he is not a person to be trifled with, and I do not see the slightest hope of obtaining his consent. I am afraid you have involved your sister's happiness very rashly. What is more, very unfortunately, my brother has arrived unexpectedly, and is this moment in the drawing-room!"

He stared in my face in blank discomfiture. I found myself fast losing the tone of rational remonstrance in which I had felt bound to begin the conversation. "I am excessively sorry," said I, answering his looks, for he did not speak a word; "but I really don't see what is to be done. I will go to Edith, and try to prepare her for an interview with her guardian. But I don't see that there is any use in deferring the evil hour; and, if I were you, I would go at once to Mr. Forde, and open the subject."

"Couldn't it be concealed altogether?" suggested he. "She will be of age in three years."

"I cannot countenance any such arrangement," returned I, with unwonted resolution. "Just reflect for a moment on the duplicity which it would involve! your sister would be compelled to imply, if not to utter, a falsehood, ten times a day. The more fondly you love her, the more anxiously ought you to avoid placing her in such a position."

"You are right!" cried he, "and I spoke inconsiderately, as I believe I generally do. Thank you for your advice. I will go to Mr. Forde!" and, ever as rapid in his movements as in his ideas, before I had time to answer, he was in the drawing-room.

I stood still for a moment to collect my thoughts, and then went up stairs to Edith. I found her, as I had expected, in a state of great agitation. She hid her face on my shoulder, wept, and spoke in broken sentences of her happiness and her astonishment. It was presumption in her, she said—with the sweet exaggeration of a woman's love, truer than truth—even to think of one so immeasurably her superior; but her devotion must make up for her defects. At first I could do nothing but soothe and sympathize; gradually I tried to bring her to the contemplation of possible difficulties; and, at last, with some trepidation, I broke to her the fact of Owen's arrival, and certain disapprobation. It did not produce the effect which I had anticipated. She could scarcely be brought to entertain the idea of Owen as a person to be considered in the matter at all; seemed to regard his consent or refusal with profound indifference; and even, as far as I could gather, appeared to think that three, five, or ten years of delay would interfere but little with her happiness. She was absorbed by one feeling—filled with one idea—namely, that she was beloved; and everything else seemed unreal to her. She heard and understood the words, but they made

no impression; there was not room for them in her heart. I verily believe that, had she been told at that moment that she was never to see Everard again, she would scarcely have apprehended it as a misfortune. The consciousness of his love would have seemed to her enough for a lifetime. This, I knew, could not last; but, while it was thus with her, arguments were vain; so, having acquitted my conscience, by informing her of the truth, I did not attempt to stem the tide of her feelings, and had very nearly become as romantic as herself, when a tap at the door recalled me to sublunary affairs.

"Come in!"

"If you please, ma'am, you are wanted in the drawing-room."

The spell was broken; and I went down like a criminal to execution.

#### CHAPTER VI.

I FOUND Owen, as I expected, in great wrath. He was walking rapidly up and down the room, while Kinnaird, whose levity was unconquerable, stood on the hearth-rug, coolly regarding him, and looking ready to laugh—an inclination which good breeding scarcely restrained. My brother stopped in his angry walk as I entered, and, coming close up to me, said, with great vehemence, "Peggy, this is the most incredible piece of absurdity that I ever met with in my life. Of course, it cannot be permitted to go on for a moment, and I only wonder that you—but you have evidently been duped in the matter."

I saw Frank's color rise at the offensive word, and hastened to interpose. "I have been *mistaken*, certainly," I said, "and I am very sorry that I have misled you unintentionally." Here I stopped, for I was afraid to attack his opinions, and unwilling to acquiesce in them, so I resolved to stand on the defensive.

"Misled me!" replied my indignant brother. "Yes—but I have my own folly to thank for it, in not putting Miss Kinnaird under the charge of a person who knew something of the world—Mrs. Alvanley for instance"—(Oh, could Mrs. Alvanley have heard him!)—"Yet, even allowing you the simplicity of a pinaford girl of thirteen, I can't understand how you should have so completely lost your wits. The insanity of allowing this Captain Everard's perpetual visits is to me perfectly inexplicable."

"*This* Captain Everard," remarked Kinnaird, "is one of the most distinguished officers in the service—a man as superior to Lord Vaughan, in mind and manners, as Lord Vaughan is to a chimney-sweep—and, moreover, my most intimate friend."

"So be it," returned Owen, more calmly, but with intense obstinacy of tone, "nevertheless, his pretensions to the hand of Miss Kinnaird are simply ludicrous, and I do not intend that he shall have the opportunity of urging them again. Perhaps you will have the goodness to notify this to him."

"No, Mr. Forde," retorted Frank, "I must request you to be the bearer of your own messages—I cannot undertake the office."

"My dear Frank," said I, putting my hand on his arm, "it is not by irritating my brother that we have any hope of changing his resolution. You are naturally excited; now, do go away, and leave me to do the best I can with him. Go to Edith," added I in a whisper, urging him gently towards the door, "I think she ought to hear the truth at once."

He seemed, at first, disposed to resist my sugges-

tion—but at that moment a step was heard in the hall, and with a half-laugh and a significant look to me, he quitted the room, leaving me with the consolatory impression that he had gone out to join his friend, and, not improbably, to conduct him to Edith!

By this time Owen had quite recovered his coolness, which, indeed, rarely forsook him, and turning to me he said, with a deliberation which left no room for hope, "There is no use in discussing the subject. The young lady will, I dare say, shed a few natural tears, and pout a little, as in duty bound—but in a fortnight she will be ready for another lover, and by the year's end she will congratulate herself on having some one to act for her who has the good luck to possess a little common sense. Only let this be distinctly understood, that I allow no interview, no engagement, no correspondence. I won't have an under-current of mystery to keep up sentimental nonsense in a silly girl's brain. Let it all be at an end, and, if she behaves well, I promise to say nothing to her about it. Tell her this, Peggy, and now let me get my luncheon."

"Owen, you are positively cruel. I do assure you this is no new girlish fancy that will pass away. It is unfortunate, I admit, but she is really and thoroughly attached to him."

My brother began to laugh. "I admire the real and thorough attachment of a girl of eighteen," said he. "A pack of nonsense! I beg your pardon, Peggy, but I certainly never made a greater mistake than in selecting you for a duenna—your manner of viewing things is so imitatively youthful. Take her to choose a new bonnet, or talk to her about her court-dress for the spring."

The tone in which he spoke was inexpressibly provoking, and I felt my temper beginning to give way. "As you say," I replied, "it is useless to discuss the subject—our views are so utterly opposite, that each speaks to the other as if in a foreign language. I consider you at least as much in the wrong as you consider me. Only, if you fancy it will be an easy task to induce Edith to give up her engagement, I can tell you you are completely mistaken."

"You are angry," he answered, "yet you can scarcely be surprised that I don't feel any very profound confidence in your judgment just at present. I know your intentions are the best in the world—but I can't forget that it is scarcely a week since you wrote me word that Miss Kinnaird was in a fair way to become Lady Vaughan. My dear Peggy, if you will walk through the world with your eyes shut, and resist every effort to open them, you must at least suffer yourself to be led by the hand."

I bit my lips and was silent, and Owen withdrew to his bedroom. I went slowly up stairs to Edith's boudoir, where, as I had anticipated, I found both Kinnaird and Everard. Edith herself was sitting on the sofa, her face bowed upon her hands, and her tears falling fast through the clasped fingers. Captain Everard addressed me at once:

"Miss Forde, before I go—and I feel that I must not remain—I am anxious that you should do me justice. Till this morning I was not aware of Mr. Forde's existence, much less of Edith's"—(he pronounced the word with a lingering hesitation of tone very unusual with him, and a most eloquent glance at the drooping figure on the sofa)—"much less of Edith's dependence on his will. I imagined that Frank and yourself were her sole guardians, and you know that, even when I thus thought, I was not guilty of the presumption of supposing myself an acceptable suitor."



"No, no—not presumption—don't use the word!" murmured Edith.

He looked at her for a moment in silence, and then proceeded, though in a less steady tone of voice, "I am as conscious as Mr. Forde himself can be, that a poor man, and a man of no family, is, as the world judges, without a right—"

But here Edith interrupted him. Suddenly clasping his hand between her own, and lifting her beautiful face, all burning with blushes and suffused with tears, she exclaimed, "Oh, hollow nonsense! it is *yourself* that I love. One unset diamond is more valuable than a tiara of glittering paste! What could family or fortune have to do with you, except to receive honor from you?"

Recovering himself with an effort, and still keeping Edith's hand in his, Everard continued in a low restrained voice, the calmness of which betrayed the intensity of the agitation which he was repressing, "I should despise myself forever were I capable of taking advantage of these feelings to involve her in a clandestine engagement; at her age—under her circumstances—it were unmanly and dishonorable. No! I must go—for three years we part, and she is as free as if she had never known me."

"*She is free!*" repeated Edith. "Ah! say it of me if you will; but you do not dare say it to me. You cannot mock me by telling me that I am free, at the very moment when you are riveting my chains. But Oh! such a happy prisoner!" she added, relapsing into tears, and speaking in a broken, faltering voice; "we have not time for all this conventionalism—this *acting*—Oh! speak *really* to me!—this once more—this last time—speak as you are, and as you feel!"

His stoicism was fairly conquered. "My *own* Edith!" said he, in a voice tender as a mother's to her first-born—reverent as a devotee's to his saint—"I will not wound you any more by false phrases. It is true; you are my own; and were we to part for ten years, instead of three, I should esteem it sin to suffer one doubt of you to trouble my peace. My faith in you comes next to my faith in God; God grant it be not the stronger of the two! Bear these three years, for my sake; knowing that I am with you the whole time, though the wide world be between us, and that, when we meet, we shall meet as though we had never parted!"

She subdued her emotion to listen to him; raising her head, and holding her breath, as though she

feared to lose a word. What evil spirit brought to my mind at such a moment her vain and girlish love of general admiration and attention, and suggested to me that she would fail in the refined and impassioned constancy which he demanded of her!

"And, remember this, my beloved," he continued more hurriedly, "that I go from you a changed man, and that the change is your work. My misanthropy is gone from me. I feel that I have sinned against the world, and the race to which I belong. I feel and confess the folly and self-sufficiency of my distrust of others. Even at this moment, this thought makes me happy; for my faith and love are restored—or rather created anew. Frank," wringing his hand, "I have wronged you; forgive me; I know you now—ay, and I know myself too. Edith—but it is enough! God bless you!"

Silently returning my silent pressure of the hand, he hurried from the room, and the low sobs of Edith were the only sounds which disturbed the stillness.

And so ends the history of the first period of my acquaintance with Edith Kinnaird. A nervous fever was the natural result of that day of agitation; but it was neither long nor severe; and Owen classed it with the hysterics and fainting-fits which he believed that all young ladies were capable of summoning to their assistance at pleasure. When I resigned her to the charge of Lady Frances Moore, she had recovered her health, and, in some measure, her spirits; for she was of an elastic and energetic nature, and was now possessed by the one sole purpose of cherishing secretly the recollection of her lover, and endeavoring to employ the three years of separation in rendering herself more worthy of him. I knew how soon this enthusiasm would flag; how wearily the slow hours would struggle onward; but in very pity I would not disturb it. Like the eagerness of a young horse at the foot of a long, steep ascent, though transient, it was real, and would carry her forward unconsciously over a portion of the way. But the toil must begin; and, alas! how would she bear it?

With her tacit engagement Owen could not interfere—about the state of her feelings he did not trouble himself; and the next thing I heard was that she had been presented at court in white satin and diamonds, and all London was raving of her matchless beauty.

From the National Era.

#### THE ILLS OF LIFE.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

How oft, when pursued by evils,  
We falter and faint by the way,  
But are fearless when, o'ertaken,  
We pause, and turn at bay.

When storms in the distance have gathered,  
I have trembled their wrath to meet,  
Yet stood firm when the arrowy lightning  
Has fallen at my feet.

My soul in the shadows of twilight  
Has groaned beneath its load,  
And felt at the solemn midnight  
Secure in the hand of God.

I have been with friends who were cherished  
All earthly things above,  
Till I deemed the death-pangs lighter  
Than the pangs of parting love.

Yet with one fearful struggle,

When at last the dread blow fell,  
I have kept my heart from breaking,  
And calmly said, farewell!

I have looked at the grave, and shuddered  
For my kindred treading near,  
And when their feet had entered,  
My soul forgot its fear.

Our ills are not so many  
Nor so hard to bear below,  
But our suffering in dread of the future  
Is more than our present woe.

We see with our vision imperfect  
Such causes of doubt and fear—  
Some yet that are far in the distance,  
And some that may never be near—

When, if we would trust in His wisdom,  
Whose purpose we may not see,  
We would find, whatever our trials,  
As our day our strength shall be.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## FEMALE FANATICISM IN SCOTLAND.

MESDAMES BUCHAN AND BOUVIGNON.

THE Scotch are not reckoned a fanatical people, nor easily led away by the seductions of empirics and impostors. In spiritual matters, they are strongly prejudiced in favor of their own creed, and their Presbyterian form of church government; and of this tendency of their *perferendum ingenium*, they have given the world abundant proofs, in many a bloody campaign and battle-field. Often have they drawn the sword, and marched under "the blue banner," in defence of their national worship. To that they have adhered with an unflinching constancy of attachment—with a determined resistance to alteration, or infringement from any quarter—that has scarcely been surpassed in any other country in Christendom. For the covenant and confession of faith, their ancestors were content to suffer torture and imprisonment, exile and martyrdom. On the front of their ecclesiastical standards, they seem to have inscribed the prickly motto of their emblematic thistle, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*"—for, whenever kings and nobles ventured to bring their prerogatives in collision with the kirk, they found cause in the end, as the two Charleses and the two Jameses did, to regret their temerity. Presbyterianism has always been viewed as the *palladium* of the kingdom—the symbol of the nation's independence—as much as the old patriarchal stone on which their Malcolm and Alexanders were crowned, and the loss of which was accompanied with the most direful prognostications of slavery and ruin. Nothing in the whole history of Scotland is more obvious than this indomitable spirit of adherence to the principles of John Knox, and the platform of church discipline which he erected. And it survives at the present day; for it is a remarkable fact, that amidst all the sectarian eruptions and secessions that have taken place down to the exode of 1843, the constant complaint of the dissentient parties has been, that the church was not holding faithfully by her original standards, was falling away from her genuine Presbyterian constitution, and, therefore, that they, the seceders, and not the establishment, were the true kirk.

But though we have ample testimonies to the zeal and veneration with which the Scotch have clung to their national faith, to their patient endurance in suffering for it, and their fiery controversies in maintaining their purity, we meet with rare instances in which they have allowed their zeal for religion to degenerate into fanaticism. Credulity, except in money-making speculations, like the Darien expedition, or the South Sea scheme, is not one of their national characteristics. To superstition they are not addicted. Saints, and holidays, and relics, and pilgrimages, (unless to London, in quest of situations,) and miracles, and festivals, have long been swept from their calendar. Impulses, illuminations, visions, gifts of the spirit, and other celestial pretensions, that have misled weak minds, and kept them in thrall to designing hypocrites, have never been able to maintain a local habitation and a name north of the Tweed. To the yoke of clerical leaders they have always shown a willingness to bend, and to an extent scarcely reconcilable with the innate stubborn independence of their character. But then it was essential that these leaders should hoist Presbyterian colors, and draw the sword of eloquence against some reputed heresy or grievance, such as lay-patronage, secular domination, prelacy,

Antinomianism, Bouvignonism, aggressions of the civil magistrate, &c., all of which have, in turn, been cast into the theological arena, to the imminent jeopardy of a new age of conventicles, and a second Bothwellbrig.

With all their religious enthusiasm, however, it is curious that the Scotch have seldom yielded to the artifices of impostors, or been duped by those impious blasphemies and extravagancies, under the mask of sanctity, that have often taken root and flourished in the neighboring kingdoms, and on the continent. Had Naylor and his Quakers in Cromwell's time, or the Fifth Monarchy Men, or the Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit, or the Munster Anabaptists, or Jacob Behmen the Mystic, or John Tetzels himself, with his wallet of indulgences, ventured to pitch their tents by the Forth or the Tay, we question whether they would have gathered a single congregation. Peter the Hermit would have excited no crusade, unless against the Romish cathedrals, or the king's authority, and then he must have sworn to the covenant, and professed himself a disciple of John Knox and the "trewie kirke."

Strange as it may appear, the only fanatical pretenders that have acquired any celebrity in Scotland, were women; and, more surprising still, their doctrines were of the most visionary and extravagant character, outraging common sense and moral decency, surpassing in absurdity anything ever offered to the plainest understanding.

Of these two impostors in petticoats, the one, Mrs. Buchan, was a native—a person of dissolute habits and humble parentage, almost illiterate, but naturally clever, artful, and enthusiastic. The other, Madame Bouvignon, was a foreigner, a Fleming by birth, who claimed to be divinely inspired, set apart by the special interposition of Heaven to revive the true spirit of Christianity, which had been extinguished amidst the theological wranglings and animosities of the age. Her opinions, however, were imported into Scotland, and spread particularly in the shires of Perth, Aberdeen, Banff, Ross, and other parts of the Highlands, so as to call down the anathemas of the church and the general assembly, which passed various acts, between 1700 and 1710, for suppressing her writings, which were denounced as containing "a mass of dangerous, impious, blasphemous, and damnable errors."

Nothing could be more unlike than the personal character of these two fanatics, although in religious pretensions they bore a strong resemblance to each other. The Scotchwoman was gross, conceited and carnal; her followers consisting, with one or two exceptions, of ignorant people, chiefly of the working classes. Antonia Bouvignon, was lively, learned, and insinuating, possessing great order of mind and fluency of speech, so that she recommended her pernicious heresies not only to the imaginations of the unlettered multitude, but to the acceptance of educated and ingenious men, who were persuaded of their truth, and labored to diffuse far and wide the contagion of her fanaticism. Some of her works were translated and extensively circulated in the north of Scotland, and a clergyman in Aberdeen was deposed from the office of the ministry, for adopting and defending her errors. It is this circumstance of her "damnable doctrines" having been implanted in the spiritual soil of the country, and still required to be solemnly abjured by every clerical candidate for the kirk, that gives this famous impostor a title to take her place in the

same niche with Mrs. Buchan, of whose romantic history, lately published in Edinburgh, we now propose to offer a short account; and when we inform the reader, that this illiterate, sensual fanatic "gave herself out to be the third person in the God-head, and pretended to confer immortality on whomsoever she breathed, and promised eventually to translate direct to heaven in a body, without tasting of death, all who put unlimited faith in her divine mission;" that she also personified the woman described in the Revelation, as being clothed with the sun and the moon; and pretended to have brought forth the man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, in the person of one of her converts, a Rev. Hugh White, who had been a dissenting minister at Irvine; and when we further state, that these celestial claims and pretensions were mixed up with the most degrading and criminal practices, sensuality, prostitution, infanticide, our astonishment increases, that blasphemies so palpable, and vices so revolting, instead of being visited by the penalties of the law, should have found adherents and proselytes among the sober, pious descendants of the Scottish covenanters. Yet such is the fact.

The delusions of this female hypocrite drew after her a number of individuals (altogether about sixty) who preferred her society to the ties of domestic life, and quitted their homes and their relations to follow her, in the vain expectation of passing from this world to immortality, without being subject to the common lot of human nature. These ridiculous fanatics adopted the title of Buchanites, after the name of their founder, who was variously styled by her devotees, "Our Lady," "Friend Mother," "Luckie Buchan." They held her in great veneration, and such was her ghostly authority over them, that it was ascribed to the influence of demoniacal agency, or a familiarity with the *black art*. In this latter science, her proficiency was supposed to be such, that "she could cause any person on whom she laid her hand instantly to forget all earthly concerns, and follow her, though it were to the utmost limits of the earth, with the most implicit devotion." This belief, no doubt, was fostered by her arrogant presumption, and her extreme volubility of tongue, for she affected the air of an apostle, and spoke and wrote with a facility quite extraordinary in one who could scarcely have received more than the first elements of education.

But even when her personal influence declined, when her mission proved a ludicrous failure, and when this impious dispenser of immortality could not exempt herself from the stroke of death, her disciples clung to the delusive hopes with which she had indoctrinated them. They were firmly persuaded of her divinity; kept the confined body for years unburied, and gave out that she had privately ascended to heaven as the precursor of their translation.

A sect professing such extravagant tenets could not be expected to gain many proselytes, and it is but justice to the people of Scotland to allow that Buchanism found no countenance among them. The odious rites were perpetrated within the walls of its own humble convent, and never ventured to show themselves in open day. Society received no taint from its contagion, and gave little heed to its visionary pretensions. With the business of life its doctrines never ventured to mingle, but remained isolated, shunned and detested in every neighborhood where it pitched its tabernacles. Nor was it formed or designed for perpetuity. By its rules

there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage; the limit of its duration was the lives of its members, and accordingly, after an existence of a few years, it dwindled away to a solitary octogenarian couple, the last survivor having died in January, 1846.

The author to whom we are indebted for the memoir of Mrs. Buchan and her infatuated group of enthusiasts is Mr. Joseph Train, a name not unknown in Scottish literature, and worthy of a passing notice. Sir Walter Scott found in him one of his most valuable coadjutors, and makes frequent mention, in his works, of the assistance he derived from his indefatigable researches and contributions. Mr. Train belongs originally to the land of Burns, being a native of Ayrshire—of humble parentage, and indebted chiefly to his own diligence for his education, and his future success in life. He was early intended for some mechanical employment; but the drudgery of manual labor did not accord with his lively imagination and his taste for letters. The ardor of his love for the muses was such, that when a young man of twenty, and quartered, in 1800, with the Ayrshire militia, at Inverness, he accumulated a guinea and a half in sixpences, saved from his pay, to purchase a copy of Currie's edition of the works of Burns, published at Liverpool. The peace of Amiens having closed Mr. Train's services as a militia-man, his patron, the colonel of the regiment, Sir David Hunter Blair, obtained for him an appointment in the excise; and this has continued to be his occupation, since 1810, in various districts of Scotland, Largs, Newtonstewart, Perth, Fife, Kirkintilloch, Queenferry, Falkirk, Wigton, and Castledouglas, where he still resides, as a retired supervisor, cultivating his favorite antiquarian studies, and paying occasional court to the muse. His poetical effusions are numerous, and far above mediocrity. Like his illustrious countryman, Burns, who wrote many of his best lyrics while following the uncongenial profession of a *gauger*, Mr. Train was doomed to regale his poetic fancy from the odorous fumes of whiskey casks, malting vats, and illicit distilleries.

The bent of his genius, however, and the opportunities he enjoyed of an acquaintance with many of the interesting and picturesque localities in Scotland, inclined him to the prosecution of traditional and antiquarian researches; and it was in this capacity that he rendered himself so useful an auxiliary to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Train was necessarily one of the twenty who was in the secret of the authorship of the "Waverley Novels;" and, in several instances, premature revelations were in danger of coming to light, in consequence of his communications bearing a suspicious resemblance to characters and events described in the fictions of the Great Unknown.

His first introduction to Sir Walter was the result of one of his earliest productions, "Strains of the Mountain Muse," published in 1814, consisting chiefly of metrical tales, illustrative of traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, accompanied with topographical and legendary notes. Sir Walter at once procured a dozen copies and the address of the author, became his patron and friend, encouraged his antiquarian pursuits, and commenced a correspondence with him, which was only terminated by the death of the mighty minstrel. Mr. Train's contributions to the Waverley Novels, it would be out of our province here to enumerate: they are duly acknowledged by Sir Walter in his prefaces, and afterwards by Lockhart, in the third, fourth,



fifth, and seventh volumes of the "Life." When composing the "Lord of the Isles," the distinguished poet received from his new ally his description of Queensberry Castle, the landing of Bruce from Arran, and the hospital founded by the royal fugitive at Kingscave, near Presterrick.

It was upon this occasion that he transmitted to Sir Walter one of the *magus*, or drinking-horns, provided by Bruce for the use of the lepers. This interesting relic was among the first of the many valuable antiquarian remains afterwards presented to him; the extensive collection of which now forms one of the chief attractions at Abbotsford. A Roman battle-axe, found in the Moss of Cree; a razor of the fifteenth century; the *spleuchan* of the famous freebooter, Rob Roy; a fragment of the oaken bedstead that belonged to the Black Douglas; a curious brass visor, with movable projecting horns, where the eye-holes should have been; an Andrea Ferrara, said to have been worn by the notorious persecutor, the Laird of Lagg; the stock-bow of Sir John the Græme, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk in 1298; a drinking *quaigh*, made from Wallace's tree in the Torwood; the *ladle* of the last resident hangman in Dumfries, with an account of the manner of using it, as described in the 13th volume of the Waverley Novels. These, with a variety of other rare and time-honored curiosities, were furnished by the obliging exciseman during his intimacy with Sir Walter. "And," as Mr. Lockhart says in his life, (chap. x.) "if ever a catalogue of the museum at Abbotsford shall appear, no single contributor, most assuredly, will fill so large a space in it as Mr. Train."

But valuable as his antiquarian pursuits were, the amount and value of his literary services were still greater. To most of the novels he made some contribution or other. When alluding to his first interview with the then Great Unknown, Mr. Lockhart observes (vol. iii., c. 1):—

"To this intercourse with Mr. Train, we owe the whole machinery of the 'Tales of my Landlord,' as well as the adoption of Claverhouse's period, for the scene of some of its first pictures."

The very name of *Cleishbotham* was borrowed from the professional *soubriquet* of a Galloway school-master. The account of the wandering Astrologer, which formed the ground-work for *Guy Mannering*—the curious history of *Old Mortality*, and the hint to make Viscount Dundee the hero of the tale—the sketch of "Faithless Fanny," the prototype of Madge Wildfire—the traditions on which the dramas of *M'Duff's Cross* and the *Doom of Devorgoil* are founded—the first notice of the motley Morrice Dancers, so graphically portrayed in the *Fair Maid of Perth*—sketches of Skipper Hawkins, the original of Dick Hatterick—of Flora Marshall, the supposed Meg Merrilies—of Andrew Gummel, (a native of old Rumnock, in Ayrshire,) the Edie Ochiltree of the *Antiquary*—of Wandering Willie in *Red Gauntlet*—of the ravages perpetrated by the Earl of Derby in Kirkcudbrightshire, as described in *Peveril of the Peak*—of the story of the Fifeshire Surgeon's Daughter, forming the nucleus of the admired tale bearing that name in the *Chronicles of the Canongate*—all these, and sundry other anecdotes of curious manners and customs, family legends, superstitions, &c., embodied in the Waverley series, owe their paternity to the unwearied diligence of the devoted supervisor of excise. The death of Sir Walter in some degree removed the main stimulus that had urged Mr. Train on in his antiquarian and traditional inquiries.

But he has not been idle for the last dozen years, "in his cottage pleasantly situated on the banks of the Carlingworth Lake, in the neighborhood of Castle Douglas." A short time ago, he published a "History of the Isle of Man;" and more recently appeared "The Buchanites from first to last," giving a detailed account of the founder and fanatical extravagances of that miserably-deluded sect to whose history we now return.

Mrs. Buchan, as her historian informs us, was the daughter of John Simpson, the keeper of a small hedge ale-house, or dram-shop, on the old road between Banff and Portsay, at a place called Fatmacken, where she was born about the year 1738, and received the name of Elspeth. Before she had completed her third year, her mother died, and the father having married again soon after, she was put under the charge of strangers. The wretched circumstances of her foster parents is described as such, that "her bedding consisted of a bag stuffed with straw laid down on the ground beside the fire at night, with an empty sack for a coverlet, which were removed in the morning, and stowed away till required again in the evening." Her earliest occupation was to herd her master's cows; but according to her own account she was not particularly trustworthy, for she confesses, "I had no pleasure in working, and ever forgot the directions given me." Her next employment was in the family of a distant relation of her mother's, by whom she was taught to sew and read. The husband of this woman was a Banffshireman, and a West India planter, and as they were about to proceed to Jamaica, young Elspeth was taken along with them to Greenock. It was here that her future prospects and the entire current of her life underwent a lamentable change. While waiting for the ship that was to convey them across the Atlantic, "she left her friends, to associate with idle company, and appears then to have contracted those depraved habits which she afterwards inculcated respecting matrimony." The streets of Greenock and the company of sailors, and other low vagabonds, were not certainly the most respectable nursery for the gifts and graces of a saint, and one, too, who aspired to such intimate relationship with the Deity. No doubt, some of her doctrines—perhaps the most popular—were learned in this school; and the most remarkable feature in her subsequent career is, that she contrived, after this discreditable novitiate, to get a single dupe to believe in her divine mission.

How long she followed her Greenock profession does not appear on the record. Her next movement was one contrary to the principles she afterwards inculcated; for it is stated that "she trepanned, at Ayr, a working potter, named Robert Buchan, to be her husband!" This union, however, does not appear to have been legally solemnized, as no voucher or entrance of it can be discovered in the parish registers. It soon proved to be not a happy one; for her licentious conduct a Ayr obliged the husband to remove with her to Banff, where he commenced a manufactory of earthen-ware on his own account. Not being successful in this speculation, he repaired to Glasgow in search of employment, leaving his wife with three children at Banff "to provide for themselves as they best could," by teaching children to sew. Her family, at this time a son and two daughters, were grown up, and having imbibed their mother's virtues, they afterwards joined the Buchanite Society. Humble as her occupation was, she might have earned a comfortable livelihood by it, had not her Greenock

propensities interfered with the sedate carriage expected from an instructress of youth.

It was at this period, in her thirty-sixth year, that her irregularities took a new direction, and assumed a religious form. Her family and her school were neglected. Her whole attention was absorbed with devotional exercises, disputing about theological subjects, and frequenting "fellowship meetings," at which she is said to have excelled as an orator, and an ingenious expounder of Scripture. Her views were not reckoned orthodox, nevertheless she made several converts; amongst others, the wife of a Captain Cook, of the revenue cutter on that station. Their chief occupation was to spend many hours together, "mourning for their own sins and the sins of others;" but the captain, not relishing this employment of his wife, and thinking her "mad with religion," kept her shut up in a dark room for three weeks, and was reported to have threatened Mrs. Buchan's life. The clergy also took the alarm, being offended both with her doctrines and her loose conduct, and became chiefly instrumental in raising the populace against her. But the more she was opposed, the more resolute she was "to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, charging her with a heavenly mission." Her pretext, like Cromwell's when he wanted a reason to sanction his own earthly purposes, was, that she was "seeking the word of the Lord;" and so earnest was she in her inquiries that, she writes, "had a gallows been erected at every door, I would not have stayed from going there." According to her own account she went through a sort of refining process, before entering upon her apocalyptic duties, for she says—"In the year 1774, the power of God wrought such a wonderful change on my senses, that I overcame the flesh, so as not to make use of earthly food for some weeks; which made all that saw me conclude I was going to depart this life." This victory over the flesh must be understood as referring solely to the stomach; for in no other sense was it admitted as an article in Mrs. Buchan's creed.

The hostility of the clergy, the desertion of her school, and the imminent danger of her life, induced "our lady" to remove with her family to Glasgow, where she arrived in March, 1781, and was cordially received by her husband, then employed in a pottery in that city—the delf-work at the Broomielaw. Here she kept up a correspondence with her associates in the north—the members of the Banffshire Fellowship Societies; but her early propensities seem not to have been eradicated, for "an unfavorable report regarding her mode of life reached her native place," and drew from some of her friends there an advice "to mend her manners." To these insinuations she replied in a spirit of Christian forbearance; regretting the trouble her advisers took about her concerns, and promising "to plead for them night and day at the throne of grace."

During her residence in Glasgow at this time, (1782,) she formed an acquaintance with two persons, the Rev. Hugh White, and Mr. Andrew Innes, afterwards the two most zealous and most celebrated of her disciples. Mr. White was then minister of the Relief Congregation at Irvine, near Ayr. He had the reputation of being a popular preacher, and was certainly a man of talents, and a scholar. His native place was St. Ninians, near Stirling; but he had been professor of logic in an American college, and was reckoned a profound theologian. His besetting foible was vanity and

self-conceit; and he must have been unsteady in his opinions, as he changed from the established church to the secession. His weakness in these respects rendered him an easy captive to the spiritual flatteries of Luckie Buchan. She had an opportunity of hearing him preach at a sacrament in the neighborhood of Glasgow, in December, 1782, and being taken with his oratory, she informed him by letter of the conquest he had made, and of his being "the first minister who had spoken effectually to her heart." The epistle is a curious specimen of artful compliment and blasphemous assumption. She tells him that before seeing him with the bodily eye, she had often viewed him by the eye of faith; that he was "a promised seed, actually born from above," the apocalyptic child, "that has lain in the womb of the everlasting decree from all eternity."

This communication was received at first as an effusion of genuine piety; and as such Mr. White showed it to several of his congregation, who were so pleased with Mrs. Buchan's religious views, that they wished her personal acquaintance. Accordingly, Mr. White invited her to Irvine, where she became his lodger, and met with a welcome reception from the whole sect, who seem to have paid her the utmost reverence.

"From her heavenly conversation and extraordinary gifts (says the narrative) they soon began to consider her a valuable acquisition to their party. Religion was her constant topic; in every company and on all occasions she introduced it. Her time was wholly employed in visiting from house to house; in praying and solving doubts, answering questions, and in expounding the Scriptures." It is not easy for Satan long to pass as an angel of light. Some of the congregation began to question the orthodoxy of her principles; they accused their minister of having imbibed them, and requested him to dismiss her as a dangerous person. With this peremptory demand he was obliged to comply. In a few weeks Mrs. Buchan quitted Irvine, and repaired to Glasgow, where she continued to correspond with her reverend neophyte, for the purpose of encouraging his "young faith," assuring him that her birth pains of heavenly love towards him far surpassed the love of woman; and rejoicing that her lot and his had been cast in the same land! Her correspondents at this early stage of her mission, amongst whom was the Rev. Francis O'Rely, of Northampton, were numerous, for one of her disciples says, "when Friend Mother came to Irvine, she brought with her a little hair-trunk filled with letters from various ministers and religious societies in the north of England."

Another of her converts at this time was Andrew Innes, the last survivor of the sect, who may also claim the honor of being its historiographer, as it was chiefly from materials furnished by him that Mr. Train drew up his narrative. This attached devotee, second only in Luckie's affections to the Great Man Child himself, was from Muthill in Perthshire. His parents were humble *cotters*, and he was bred to the business of a carpenter; but hearing of Mrs. Buchan's fame in the west, and the excitement caused by Mr. White's heresies, Andrew resolved "to cast in his lot with them, although most violently opposed by his mother and many of his friends." It was in 1787 that he first met our lady, to whose person and pretensions he afterwards adhered with romantic devotion. His exertions contributed much to the forming of the Buchanite society, of which he remained an effective member to the last, and in right of survivorship he

became possessed of all the property belonging to that community.

The trial of Mr. White for heresy before the Relief Presbytery at Glasgow, was the occasion for a general rendezvous of his friends at Mrs. Buchan's lodgings there. Although the reverend gentlemen had not openly declared his ghostly idol to be actually the woman prophesied in the Revelation, yet he boldly affirmed her to be a saint of no ordinary character, and the harbinger of a light that would expel the darkness of Antichrist which had so long overshadowed the earth. His congregation, however, offended at the delusions and blasphemous opinions he had imbibed, threatened him with deposition for propagating tenets contrary to the Confession of Faith. A paper being drawn up by his opponents, containing what was supposed to be the new doctrines, he acknowledged them as his principles and subscribed them as such; and with regard to his quitting Mrs. Buchan, "he was so enamored of her mystic views, that he declared he would sooner cut off his right arm." In short, Mr. White's vanity led him to believe that he was destined to be a second John Knox, the founder of a new church; and in this delirium his spiritual mother encouraged him. "Believe me, (she wrote,) my dear love, there is nothing in glory, grace, or providence but what is on your side. Although hell and earth, men and devils, be raging against us, they can only rage in their own ground, and cannot harm us."

You are on the Lord's side, therefore the enemies of the Lord are up in arms against you; but go you forward, fear not, for the breaker is come up before them. The great I AM will keep you like the apple of his eye."

Mr. White's friends regretted his infatuation, and judged of his prospects in a different light from the frenzied view of it taken by Mrs. Buchan. He had a young wife, and two children still in infancy. But all expostulation was in vain. His opinions and his whole deportment had undergone a change so marvellous, that people attributed the influence of Luckie over him to her skill in the black art. He would listen neither to the voice of reason nor the sympathies of domestic affection. His trial proceeded, and the Presbytery were obliged to eject him from the ministry. This was in August, 1783, the decision of the court being unanimous, finding him guilty "of entertaining a number of sentiments contrary to Scripture." While his relations pitied and lamented his delusion, the result was hailed as a triumph over Satan and the malice of the world, by the crafty woman by whom he was so unaccountably misled. She wrote both to him and Mrs. White, exhorting them not to fear their enemies:—

"Poor short-sighted creatures, they see nothing on the other side of death. They think that I have done all this; and many are praying that you had never seen me; but I am sure, if they knew how happy I would be to spend my last breath, and the last drop of my blood, for Hugh White, they would not give themselves so much trouble. I am glad to think you are so well prepared for this stroke; but it will do you no harm, for although the whole course of nature were set on fire, it would not singe one hair of your head!"

The deposition of Mr. White excited no small sensation in the west, especially in Glasgow, where Mrs. Buchan then resided, in her old lodging in the Salt Market, receiving visits from crowds of Irvine people, and disputing with her enemies on religious matters. A small remnant of Mr. White's congrega-

tion embraced the new doctrines, and resolved to adhere to him. These formed the nucleus of the sect; the most zealous and influential of whom, at this time, says the narrative, "were Mr. Peter Hunter, writer and town-clerk in Irvine, and John Gibson, builder there. Many individuals of both sexes followed in their wake. Mrs. Buchan had informed them of the apocalypse that had induced her to travel from sea to sea for the fulfilment of that holy revelation; but though thus employed for nearly ten years, she confessed she had been only a gazing-stock to the people, and the butt of the devil's wrath. No person was so impressed with the belief of her divine call as to follow her from Banffshire; nor after her departure from her native place did the whimsies advanced by her disturb, in the slightest degree, the order of any community. In Glasgow, the only convert she appears to have made was Andrew Innes! Andrew's first interview with Luckie happened the preceding year, as we have mentioned. Having travelled from Muthill to Glasgow, to attend the Relief Sacrament, he accidentally met her in his landlady's kitchen, and accompanied her to chapel. The consequences he must relate himself—

"After service, she invited me to her lodgings, which were then in the upper flat of an old wooden house in the Salt-Market, and was but poorly furnished. As soon as I went in, she rose and conducted me to Glasgow-green, where she laid open to my view how the kings and hosts of Israel became a curse to the people, and how David, by his adultery with Bathsheba, occasioned the death of so many people; with other parts of Scripture, which I knew to be truth so simple and easy to be comprehended, that I wondered I had never seen them before in the same light. We parted in the evening, and I called by appointment again at her house on Monday, for the purpose of seeing her letters of correspondence, which were chiefly with ministers of various sects in Banff and Aberdeenshire."

The doors of the church being closed against Mr. White, he preached in his own garden, but his hearers being often disturbed by persons throwing stones and brick-bats among them, he was forced to retire into his own house, where their meetings at night continued for some time, Mrs. Buchan always taking a leading part. The nature and results of these nocturnal conventions are thus described:—

"The room was always crowded to excess; and the enemies sometimes remained after the public service was over, to contend about disputed points of doctrine, from which no good resulted to either party. The friends and relations of those who had become members of the society were determined to throw every possible interruption in their way. Customers deserted merchants who were members; tradesmen, laborers, &c., were thrown out of employment; parents were set against their children, servants against their masters, and drunken sailors were encouraged to watch and molest every person about to enter Mr. White's house in the evenings. And these practices not being discouraged by the magistrates, they grew the longer, the more presumptuous, till at last they attacked the doors and windows with sticks and stones; and when he applied to the magistrates for protection, he was only told to send away that offensive woman, and the people would be quiet as formerly."

"For greater privacy, they afterwards met at the house of Mr. Hunter; but their meetings there



being discovered also, and the indignation of the populace being roused by the reports circulated of their doctrines and manner of worship, the doors and windows were demolished; and Mrs. Buchan, while endeavoring to escape the fury of the mob by a back way, was intercepted. She was accompanied by Mr. Gibson, a very strong man, who, when one of the rabble was about to lay violent hands on her, grasped her round the waist with his arms, and would not part with her till a drunken fellow cut one of his hands with a *jacteleg*, (clasp-knife,) whereupon a general shout of joy was raised for the capture of the *witch-wife*, who had cast her 'glamour' over the minister. After dragging her through all the streets of the town, nearly in a state of nudity, many were for ducking her in the river, but the majority was for parading her home to her husband, to the sound of an old tin-kettle; and they actually trailed her to Stewarton, a village about eight miles from Irvine, on the Glasgow road. Andrew Innes says:—Mr. White and I, concealed by the darkness of the night, followed at a short distance all the way. We heard them once insult her about her feigned attachment to Christ. They would raise her up as high as they could, calling aloud for her to fly now to heaven, like Enoch or Elijah, at the same time letting her drop to the ground, exclaiming, 'She cannot fly yet; we must take her on a little further, and try her again.' When they came to the bridge at Stewarton, they took her to the ledge, for the purpose of throwing her into the river, and would have done so, had not one of the party opposed them, saying, 'She has done us no personal harm, therefore we will not kill her outright—let her husband do that if he pleases, when he gets her home.' This timely interruption seemed to divert them from their intention of drowning her. As they dragged her into Stewarton, the noise they made in the streets caused the people to come running out, many with candles in their hands. The crowd soon became very great, and the night being very dark, they lost sight of her suddenly, nor could they find her again."

This was rough handling for a prophetess, who claimed to have a heavenly commission—and, had her persecutors been amenable to the ordinary feelings of superstition, the circumstance of her mysterious disappearance might have shaken their incredulity of her being an impostor. But the mystery was soon revealed. Luckie showed that her nimbleness of heel was not inferior to the volubility of her tongue. She had taken advantage of the "sleety night" to retrace her steps—and when her scattered followers were assembled in Mr. White's parlor, mourning for her loss, (says Andrew Innes,) and the opinion gathered ground that she had actually ascended to heaven—

"In she stepped in the gray of the morning, in a most pitiable plight; she was bareheaded, barefooted, with scarcely a rag to cover her nakedness, and all her person over with blood; yet she was cheerful, and said, 'I suffer all this freely for the sake of those I love.' On escaping from the hands of her enemies at Stewarton, she made her way back to Irvine, by climbing over dykes, and squeezing through hedges, not daring to keep the public road, lest they might be in pursuit of her. Mr. Gibson washed and dressed her wounds, and when she was put to bed, we each retired to our respective places of abode."

Her presence in Irvine, and the congregating of her friends again, was the signal for another attack. Crowds assembled, the house was beset, the doors

and windows battered with stones, and the lives of the inmates put in jeopardy. The magistrates were obliged to interfere, and immediately ordered her removal. In this extremity, Mr. Hunter engaged a man with a horse and cart, to take her to Glasgow—Mr. Gibson volunteering to attend her as sick-nurse, and Andrew Innes as an escort, to report her safe arrival. Her finances were so low at this time, that, on leaving Irvine, she did not possess even the smallest silver coin, and Andrew gave her his watch, which he understood she pawned for a few shillings, to relieve her immediate wants; but when she received a further supply from her more wealthy adherents, she redeemed the pledge, and returned it to its proper owner. In Glasgow her dupes continued to frequent her house, so that her family affairs were utterly neglected, and her husband reduced to abject poverty, by the extension of her hospitality to swarms of visitors, to whom he was an entire stranger. The consequence was, he was obliged to have a legal divorce, a step rendered all the more necessary from her revolting doctrines on the subject of "carnal marriages." It is remarkable that she never adopted her husband's name in her early letters, which are all signed "ELSPETH SIMPSON;" and which make no disclosures on the grand point of her intention to carry her disciples to heaven in the body, without tasting of death. Her correspondence, at this period, is filled with rhapsodies about the overflowings of her love for her spiritual children, "amidst a generation of vipers," and the destroyers of this world "all coming against us like bulls of Bashan, with their mouths wide open to devour." She warned them that "Satan was trying to sift them," but that they were to rejoice in tribulation, for their past sufferings would now be "no more than a dream, or a tale that is told."

A change of locality was now deemed advisable, and as Andrew Innes' mother had come to Glasgow in quest of her strayed son, Luckie Buchan was persuaded to accompany them to Muthill, "a pious wheelwright" of that place, Duncan Robertson, having been despatched with a riding-horse to meet her at Kilsyth, and assist her in her journey. She professed great reluctance at parting with her "loving friends and sweet babes" in the west; but she was reconciled to her new abode by finding she was kindly received, and might get another "little vineyard" to bear fruit, as at Irvine. Her only desideratum here seems to have been Mr. Hugh White, who was, of course, strongly urged to take up his residence with her immediately.

"There being great desire and need of you, (she writes;) they are thirsting for the water of life, and receive it greedily. There are not a few young creatures here that have some breathings of love, but they are like to be choked with ignorance. I trust you will make no delay in coming here while the edge is on the people's minds. As to removing your family, you need say little about that till you come yourself. My body is loaded with a great cold, but my senses are like pipes of new wine, all running from a free fountain."

With this warm intention Mr. White complied, and travelled on foot in the latter end of November, from Irvine to Muthill, a distance of seventy-six miles, in two days. His companions were Andrew Innes, James Stewart, and Agnes Wylie. At this time two of Mrs. Buchan's daughters, Peggy and Anne, resided in Irvine, the elder being a servant with Mr. White. These are the young women whom she afterwards gave out to be, "one an

incarnation of Christ, the other of the Holy Ghost!"

Mr. White's reception at Muthill was not so kindly as that of his female forerunner had been. He discovered no symptoms of religious "thirst" anywhere except in Friend Mother. The people had too deep a reverence for the established church and the confession of faith, to listen to "the abominations taught by Mrs. Buchan, and confirmed by Hugh White," of which they were faithfully warned by the clergy. They refused to admit him into their houses, or to take him by the hand, or to touch him, as it was confidently believed Luckie had bewitched him; and when he preached, "many of the men who had assembled to hear him, rose to their feet, and waved their staves before him in a very threatening manner." Discouraged by this opposition, the two fanatics and their disciples resolved to venture back to Irvine, where some of Mr. White's former congregation seemed to think that poverty would make him recant, and that the Buchanites would thereby be scattered. In this they were mistaken, "and when they saw cart after cart arrive from Muthill, laden with people, goods, and chattels, their rage became ungovernable. Mr. White's house was again attacked, and the windows demolished. The inhabitants petitioned the magistrates to have the lady apprehended and punished legally as a blasphemer, and her reverend paramour also, as a disseminator of her dogmas. A sentence of banishment was issued, (May, 1784,) ordering her to leave the royalty within two hours. The summary decision was instantly obeyed; "and such was the hurry, that some had scarcely time to pack up a hand-bundle, put out the fire, and lock the door." One left a washing on the green—another left a cow bellowing at the crib. Although the act applied only to Mrs. Buchan, her followers resolved to share her exile.

"With this intention, (says Andrew Innes,) we had rallied round her in Mr. White's parlor, each man with a staff in one hand, and a small bundle in the other; each woman with her coats kilted, and a small bundle in a handkerchief, tied round her waist. Mr. and Mrs. White seemed rather downcast, but Friend Mother was more cheerful than ordinary. She spoke to us individually, and quoted passages of Scripture with surpassing aptitude, to fortify our minds in that trying hour. She often repeated the twenty-eighth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Matthew with great composure and dignity—'Verily, I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they shall see the Son of man coming in his kingdom.' When the magistrates and constables appeared at the door, she proceeded with them, Mr. White accompanying her on one side, and Mr. Gibson on the other. The women and children followed, the men bringing up the rear. The streets through which we passed were crowded to such excess, that the constables could scarcely open a passage. All those that came from Muthill were very ill used; the people made sport of pushing their staves between our legs so as to make us fall, and then pushed others over us; chiding us at the same time for ruining ourselves by following an old witch-wife, who had evidently cast her cantrips over us. Just as the magistrates were about to return, a drunken sailor tore off the cap of our Friend Mother, and pulled her to the ground; and then ran past the magistrates, exclaiming, 'I have got a right handful of her hair,' and joined his companions without being molested by the authorities."

About this period these fanatics attracted the notice of the poet Burns, then residing at his farm of Mossgiel. In a letter to a friend in Montrose, he alludes to their society, and describes their tenets as "a strange jumble of enthusiastic jargon." Of their libertine principles he also speaks freely, but without exaggeration:—

"Old Buchan (he adds) pretends to give them the Holy Ghost, by breathing on them, which she does with postures and practices scandalously indecent. They hold a community of goods, and live nearly an idle life, carrying on a great farce of devotion in barns and woods, where they lie and lodge all together; and hold likewise a community of women, as it is another of their tenets that they can commit no moral sin. I am personally acquainted with most of them, and can assure you the above mentioned are facts."

The ejected emigrants, on quitting Irvine, which they denounced as another Sodom, to be overtaken with some signal judgment for the wickedness of the people, bent their steps towards the south. The cause of their moving in that direction, Mr. Innes explains:—"After consulting on the road a short time, we agreed to keep our faces as steadily as possible towards that part of the heavens where we supposed the Saviour of the world would appear at his second coming, (Matthew, chapter 26th,) and moved off very slowly," &c.

Their society consisted of forty-six, but was afterwards reinforced to sixty, chiefly by converts from England. The style of their travelling was picturesque. Mrs. Buchan, attired in a scarlet cloak, the discarded minister, and one or two of her higher dupes, were seated in a cart, while the remainder followed on foot. Allan Cunningham states that Luckie sometimes rode in front on a white pony, "and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the gardens of mercy, and with drink from a large cup, called the comforter." Her company "were for the most part clever chiefs, and bonny, spanking, rosy-cheeked lasses, many of them in their teens. Over their dark petticoats they wore short gowns, reaching from the chin half-way down the thigh, and fitted close to the bosom. They were bare-headed, and their locks of unusual length were restrained from falling in a fleece over their back and breast by small buckling-combs."

They had difficulty in procuring food, as the country shunned them. Oat cake, when they could purchase it at the farm-houses, and cold water, was their common fare. When they came to a stream, they sat down on the bank, Friend Mother dividing to each a bit of cake, and a tankard of water was handed round, brought from the rivulet by one of the women. All shared alike; the only distinction in the way of luxury being that our lady "after she had divided the bread, *lighted her pipe and took a smoke of tobacco.*" In the article of lodgings they were miserably provided for, as few public houses could accommodate them, and farmers declined to harbor them. Near Dundonald they were permitted to occupy a cart-shed and a *killogie* for the night. At New Cumnock they were granted the use of a hay-loft; but at Slunkford the farmer would not give them his barn, nor even allow them the shelter of his hay-stack. Mr. White preached to them and cheered them on their journey, by drawing comparisons between their difficulties and those of Christ and his apostles. During their march they chanted, like the seekers of the New Jerusalem, hymns, as a kind of rude psalmody, which attracted general at-

tention wherever they passed. "They made the hills and woodlands ring with rhymes of their own composing, sung in full chorus to what is called profane music," one of their favorite airs being *The Beds of Sweet Roses*, then a popular song in the west.

The first resting place they procured was at New Comple, a farm-house in Nithsdale, near Thornhill thirteen miles above Dumfries. There the wandering Buchanites were induced to halt, in consequence of one of the wealthiest of their members, Mr. Hunter, being apprehended and carried back to Irvine, on the charge of having deserted his business and property, but in reality to detach him from the idle company he had joined. The tenant of the farm, Mr. Davidson, at first gave them only the temporary use of a barn; but finding they consumed and paid ready money for a considerable amount of his farm produce, and assisted him in his field labors, he allowed them to remain for some time, and afterwards gave them grounds to erect a house for themselves, called *Buchan's Ha'*, a name which it still retains. "It was here," says Andrew Innes, "like the disciples of Christ after Pentecost, our apostolical life commenced; all that believed were together, and had all things common." Their money was put into a joint-stock purse, and placed at the disposal of John Gibson, who was both treasurer and purveyor of the kitchen. Janet Grant, who had kept a cloth-shop in Irvine, was mistress of the robes, and had charge of all the unoccupied clothes, to keep them clean and whole, and give them out when any person wanted a change. The other women assisted in washing, knitting, and darning stockings, and they had tailors and cobblers for mending their shoes and outer garments. They occasionally wrought at hay or harvest for their neighbors, but never accepted wages, and always took their meals apart by themselves, concluding it with singing one of their own rhymes.

Their food was mean and scanty, consisting of potatoes and salt, or herrings, or "a drop of milk, when that was attainable." It was cooked in the farmer's kitchen, and served on a small table, round which they sat; and if any religious discussion was going on in the barn, they would run, with a potato, *en chemise*, in their hand, to hear the controversy. Having neither hay nor straw to sleep on, they were obliged to pull heather from the moors, which they bound in bundles of about six feet long and four broad, "thereby forming a bed for two persons." Those bundles were placed in a double row on the barn floor, closely pressed together, with the tops uppermost for softness, the space between being scarcely more than sufficient for a single person to pass; their only covering was one blanket to each bed, and for pillows they used their body-clothes. By degrees, and after they had erected their house, which they built entirely themselves, their condition improved—each had two blankets, and for bedsteads they nailed four rough boards together, which were filled with straw for mattresses as soon as it could be procured. Their cabin was only one story high, thirty-six feet long, and sixteen broad, covered with heather. It was provided with a loft, supported by poles, and this primitive attic was the general sleeping apartment. To this bed-room they ascended by a trap-ladder in the middle of the house, there being only two beds below in a small closet.

"Our furniture (says Andrew Innes) consisted of two long tables, or deals, surrounded by links or cutty stools. In the kitchen was a dresser, a meal-

chest, and a few stools. In Mr. White's closet was a table, and a few chairs, intended for strangers."

In this miserable hovel, and in beds of heather or straw, so closely jammed together that a person could scarcely move between them, were immured about sixty individuals of both sexes, who embraced some of the worst dogmas of the ancient Essenes, and of the modern Socialists. Among them the marriage relation was entirely disregarded. Children did not know their parents; the title of Mr. and Mrs. was abolished, and new names substituted for the old; thus, Mr. Hunter, who had returned, was called Peter—Mr. White, Isold Whitehead—and so of the rest, except the Man-Child, who wished to be named Friend White. For these changes, Scripture reasons were assigned; but the general belief was, they adopted this device for the purpose of committing and concealing crimes of a flagitious character.

The fixture of these abominable enthusiasts in the Vale of Nith, where many persons alive still remember them, created a strong sensation, which was soon inflamed into violence by Mr. White's preaching, and announcing Friend Mother as the "mysterious woman predicted in the Revelation, in whom the light of God was restored to the world." Disgusted with these blasphemous ravings, the people attacked their house, smashed doors and windows, ransacked the beds and chests, and even the farmer's draw-well, for "Luckie," who might have been torn to pieces, had she not escaped privately to Closeburn Castle, the seat of Mr. (now Sir Charles) Monteith, being warned on the previous evening of what was to take place; for guns were fired and lights kindled on the hills, as signals to collect for the attack. Forty-two of the rioters were tried for the assault, and upwards of twenty of them were fined at Dumfries by the sheriff of the county. The clergy of the local Presbytery also interfered, and attempted to have "Mrs. Buchan and the man-child, White," libelled before the church court for teaching blasphemous doctrines; but they did not succeed, and the proceeding was abandoned. Luckie's correspondence must have been voluminous; for she sometimes wrote all night, and complained grievously of the expense of postages. She paid a visit, accompanied by her "high priest," to a very old acquaintance, near Moffat, the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of Wamphray, in the hope of converting him. She boldly maintained, "She was actually the spirit of God, which all unbelievers would soon know to their cost." But when the neighbors learned that the manse was polluted by such unholy visitants, they threatened to mob them, and call the minister to account.

Much of Mr. White's time, while at Closeburn, seems to have been occupied in writing hymns for the use of the society, and in composing the *Divine Dictionary*, or summary of their doctrines; for as they professed having Scripture to support all their opinions, they deemed it necessary that they should publish to the world such an exposition of their faith and practice as would tend in future to silence their enemies! The work is described as a complete jumble of fanatical nonsense, and denunciations against those who dared to disbelieve the divine mission of the mysterious woman. "It showed them," says the historian of the Relief church, Mr. Struthers, "to be illiterate, erroneous, visionary, and rhapsodical. So little reason was mixed up with their madness, that it is often impossible to comprehend their ravings, and to say exactly what, on various topics, was their belief." It treated of



the propagation of mankind—the human soul—the decrees of God—the nature of true devotion—the meeting Christ in the clouds—and pretended to give “a divine receipt, instructing how all may live forever.” The principal object of the work, however, was to proclaim to the world that they (the Buchanites) “are actually waiting for the second coming of Christ, and believe that they alone shall be translated into the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.” This leading article of their creed was engrossed in the title-page of the work: and the publication blasphemously concludes by declaring that “the truths contained in it were received from divine inspiration, by a babe in the love of God, Hugh White, revised and approved by Elspeth Simpson!” Repeated warnings are given in it “to this poor deluded world” not to despise their admonitions, but to repair forthwith to New Compe, if they would be saved from sin and death, for there alone was the light of God restored back to this earth. “Never mind the style, but attend to the sentiment,” was the laconic advice they gave to all readers of the *Divine Dictionary*.

If their ambition was, as stated, to spread their fame by this publication, they were grievously disappointed. Their worst enemies could not have advised them to do anything more injurious to their expectations of success. It was scarcely known beyond their own locality, and no clergyman deemed it worth while to lift a pen to refute it. Even the printing of such infamous doctrines could not be tolerated in Dumfries; and such was the popular odium against Mr. Jackson, who threw off the first sheets, that the remainder was transferred to Edinburgh, in Mr. Innes’ pocket.

Their only other writings appear to have been hymns; but judging from a single specimen, the inspiration of their muse could not have proceeded from a very sublime fountain. The following stanzas commence a kind of psalm, or song of deliverance from their ill-treatment, by the “People of Closeburn:”—

“The people in Closeburn parish residing,  
Came often our sermons to hear;  
And rudely they questioned our words, though most pure—

Our persons they threatened to tear.

“They often, with batons and cudgels combined,  
With billets of wood, and with stones;  
But He who has power all men to control,  
Prevented them breaking our bones.”

Mrs. Buchan herself, in one of her letters to the Rev. Gabriel Russell, of Dundee, celebrates her troubles and her triumphs, at New Compe in a similar strain:—

“I have been, these ten years past, the very butt of the great red dragon’s wrath, and a gazing-stock to a worthless, blinded world, who are continually spewing out floods of falsehood, cruel mockings, and murdering plots against us, either to scatter or kill us; but oh, praise! praise! eternal praise and thanksgiving to divine wisdom and almighty power, the worst of their intentions have hitherto turned out for our good, for none of our society has yet fallen before the enemy.”

Instead of diminishing, the society increased, having about this time gained an accession of more than twenty persons, the greater part being from the north of England. George Hill, a well-educated young man, a native of Edinburgh, and at that time clerk to the Closeburn lime-works, was the first to

join them; and he, with Mr. Hunter, the ex-town-clerk of Irwine, proved useful assistants, as amanuenses, to Mr. White. The fame of the sect, and of the “Lady of Light,” or “Great Luminary,” as Mrs. Buchan was now called, was carried to England by James Brown, a merchant tailor from Sunderland, who had accidentally visited New Compe, and was captivated with their expectations of passing into glory without tasting of death. A more important acquisition was Mr. Thos. Bradley, from Hartlepool, in Durham county, who disposed of his property in Yorkshire, and his farming-stock at Stranton, and joined the Buchanites. His friends attempted to prevent this foolish expedition; but he absconded before day-light, with clothing and victuals, for the journey, wife, children, and chattels, in a large wagon drawn by two horses, and was received joyfully at New Compe—his wealth being of material advantage to the society.

It was to be expected that doctrines so palatable to human nature, both spiritually and carnally, would attract proselytes of somewhat equivocal character. One applicant of this kind that appeared was a young naval officer, Mr. C. E. Conyers, lieutenant of marines, who consented to “leave all the vain-glory of his former life,” and cast in his lot with “those blessed expectants of immortality.” But as it was a rule of the society that no member could retain any earthly drag or entanglement, whereby his ascension to the next world might be retarded, Mr. Conyers was obliged to resign his half-pay, which he did in a letter to the secretary of the admiralty, intimating his determination to hold no longer any commission under an earthly crown. On first appearing in his new service, he was bare-headed, which our lady took as a mark of profound respect and superior breeding, to which she was not always accustomed. It soon transpired, however, that he had been regaling himself the night before at a neighboring wayside inn, (Brown-hill,) and having no money to pay his bill, the landlord kept possession of the hat. This explained the mystery of the obeisance; but the old hat was redeemed, and the next time the owner appeared bare-headed was on the scaffold at Tyburn. The society had early discovered that, notwithstanding his seeming zeal, “he was a wolf in sheep’s clothing,” and had sought their community for other reasons than the hope of an immediate translation to heaven. He had defrauded a life assurance company in London, and probably expected to be carried into the clouds before his villany was detected. He was mistaken. The officers of justice traced him to his lurking-place, and handed him over to the fate he deserved. Other “moneyless rakes” sought admission, but in vain; none being accepted in future without being subject to examination and investigation by Mrs. Buchan, in which she was the chief actor, but of which delicacy forbids a more particular description.

Various circumstances now made it necessary that Friend Mother should give some evidence of the truth of her doctrine. Their creed had been published to the world. Expectation was excited. The English converts had been summoned to “make haste and join their loving brothers the saints in glory.” The faith and hope of the whole community were wound to the highest pitch, “longing for the time of the bride’s translation.” Scripture confirmed these devout warnings. The 1260 days which the woman in the Revelation was to tarry in the wilderness, after giving birth to the man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron,

had nearly expired, reckoning from Mr. White's conversion at Irvine. This coincidence of dates and hopes led the sanguine enthusiasts to believe that the great event so ardently desired was at hand. An accident, the burning of a neighboring farmer's premises, "one of their most violent enemies," brought on a premature crisis. Imagining the nocturnal conflagration to be the commencement of the general judgment that was to destroy all unbelievers, a panic seized the whole inmates of Buchan Ha', from the oldest to the youngest. Andrew Innes, who was an eye-witness to this *Midnight Manifestation*, as he calls it, says:—

"All the members below instantly started to their feet, and those in the garret hurried down as fast as they possibly could through the trap-door. But it being about midnight, and there being no light in the house, Mr. Hunter, in the agitation of the moment, tumbled headlong down the trap-ladder. In an instant, however, he bounded from the ground, and with a voice as loud as a trumpet, joined in the general chorus, which every one in the house sung most vehemently—

'Oh! hasten translation, and come resurrection!  
'Oh! hasten the coming of Christ in the air.'

"The bodily agitation became so great, with the clapping of hands and singing, that it is out of my power to convey a just idea of the scene. Every one thought the blessed moment was arrived; and every one singing, and leaping, and clapping their hands, passed forward to the kitchen, where Friend Mother sat with great composure, while her face shone so white with the glory of God as to dazzle those who beheld it, and her raiment was as white as snow."

The extraordinary noise and tumult collected a crowd of neighbors, who dispersed when the agitation subsided. Here a curious scene is described by old Andrew:—

"I remember, when daylight appeared, of having seen the floor strewn with watches, gold rings, and a great number of trinkets, which had been, in the moment of expected translation, thrown away by the possessors, as useless in our expected country. We did so, because Elijah threw away his mantle when he was, in like manner, about to ascend to heaven. My own watch was of the number; I never saw it more, but I afterwards learned that John Gibson, our treasurer, had collected all the watches and jewelry, and sold them in Dumfries."

This sudden explosion of fanaticism did not in the least disconcert Mrs. Buchan, who quietly called for a tobacco-pipe and took a smoke; "telling her people she now saw they were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change she intended them to undergo." The failure on this occasion she ascribed wholly to the want of faith in her followers, and therefore another ordeal was prescribed for them. As Moses and Elijah fasted forty days and nights, as Christ remained the same time in the wilderness without food, and finally, as Peter, James, and John needed no terrestrial support on the Mount of Transfiguration, so Friend Mother, in order to bring her dupes into the spiritual state necessary to their translation without tasting death, enjoined a total abstinence from all earthly nourishment for forty days. This she declared to be an indispensable preliminary, and assured them, at the same time, that as the blood receded from their veins, the Holy Spirit would occupy its place, and that they would consequently

become spiritual bodies, like the great founder of their society.

Severe as this test of orthodoxy was, it was cheerfully and unanimously complied with. The enthusiasts shut themselves up from all intercourse with strangers, doors bolted, windows nailed down and screened—their only exercise being reading, and singing hymns composed for the occasion, one of which began thus:—

"On words of God his children feed,  
For little by this mouth they need," &c.

In this imprisonment they continued like so many Jonahs in the fish's belly. The narrative thus describes their condition:—

"We never went to bed; some stretched themselves on coverlets by turns on the floor. The infirm generally lay couchant on the beds in the cock-loft, and being about the middle of June, we scarcely knew night from day. When the fast commenced, we had eight gallons of molasses, a little manna, and a few stones of oatmeal; but during the whole six weeks of the fast, there was no such thing as cooking victuals, and no complaint was made for want of food, even by the children. There was, indeed, sometimes a desire for a little drink, and as Friend Mother was always stepping about among us, she kept a little treacle mixed with hot water, which she gave to any person that was thirsty; but it was very seldom required."

The only recipient of this liquid was "an old blind and deaf woman, who lay in bed most of the time." Whether this insane attempt to live without food amounted to total abstemiousness, it is impossible to know. Certainly, the fasting was not imaginary, as the personal appearance of the whole fraternity showed, for they were reduced to skeletons. Mrs. Hunter, fearing that her husband and children might be starved to death, succeeded in having them conveyed home, by virtue of a warrant, charging him with "folly and ill-behavior, in having left a good property and an excellent business for the purpose of following a filthy, lascivious witch, to the ultimate ruin of his family." For this act of defection, the Lady of Light opened her spiritual artillery in full wrath against the offending female, denouncing her as an imp of Satan, "with all the cunning of a serpent and the deceit of a devil." To prevent desertion in future, any one suspected of an intention to leave the society was locked up, and every day *ducked in cold water!* But before this rule had passed, Mrs. Innes had contrived to carry off her two daughters, also residing "under the wings of mercy at Buchan Ha'."

It would appear that before the expiry of the forty days, Luckie resolved to give her adherents confirmation of the fulfilment of her promises. They were assembled first on a small green hillock behind their cabin, where they remained till midnight, "singing with such united strength that the deeply-mixed melody of their voices was frequently heard at Closeburn Castle, a mile distant." They then moved slowly off towards Templand Hill, which they ascended before day-break, to hold a "love meeting" preparatory to the grand translation. Platforms were erected for them to wait patiently until the wonderful hour arrived. The hair of each head was cut short, except a tuft on the crown "for the angels to catch by when drawing them up." Mr. White was so confident, or appeared so, of being carried aloft, "that he dressed himself in his canonicals, put on his gloves, and walked about

scanning the heavens." Luckie Buchan was herself the most conspicuous figure. "She was raised nearly her whole length above the crowd by whom she was surrounded, who stood with their faces towards the rising sun, and their arms extended upwards, as if about to clasp the great luminary as he rose above the horizon." Her platform (an empty cask turned upside down, according to some accounts) was exalted above the rest.

The utmost anxiety prevailed among the spectators who witnessed this extraordinary scene, "expecting every minute that the sound of the archangel's trumpet would break upon their ears." The finale was ridiculous enough. The momentous hour arrived; "a gust of wind came, but instead of wafting them upwards to the land of bliss, it capsize Mrs. Buchan, platform and all!" After this "unexpected downcome," Luckie and the whole band made their way back to New Comple. An eye-witness who had been on the hill says—

"We all hastened to see them retrace their steps to their wonted abode, and such a company of half-famished creatures I never saw before. They were all deadly pale, and emaciated to the last degree; they seemed like living skeletons just escaped from the grave, or newly imported from Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, with the exception of Luckie herself. She was like one of those beauties who crowd the canvass of painters with *hillocks of rosy flesh*. Her hair was unbound, and hung profusely over her back and shoulders. She was downcast and melancholy, as were all her followers, evidently from the exposure of their reckless folly."

It is plain that Friend Mother had not abstained from terrestrial nutriment, and her credulous dupes believed her when she told them that "being a partaker of the divine nature, she partook of earthly sustenance during the fast, merely to prevent her tabernacle from becoming too transparent for human eyes to behold!"

Two of the Englishmen, the Sunderland tailor and the Durham farmer, broke down in the middle of the fast, not liking that species of training; they waited the result at a little distance, and had their faith considerably shaken. One of Mr. Bradley's children was obliged to be removed nearly lifeless; and after tasting food she became quite delirious, and at last died insane. Andrew Innes was also compelled to depart privately for Muthill, before the termination of the fast, in consequence of Catherine Gardiner, who had left the society pregnant, being advised to enforce her claims upon him by law. Being completely exhausted with hunger, he was conveyed away "by cock-crow, on the landlord's old mare," so weak, that he required to be lifted on horseback, and his tattered habiliments hurriedly put on by mistake, a world too wide for his shrunken person he afterwards married Catherine, who returned with him to New Comple, and treated her with the affection of a wife, although the old heartless vagabond confessed that he submitted to the ceremony, knowing that the most legal union that marriage could form, would be done away on entering the society. She lived with him fifty-eight years, having died in November, 1845.

The failure of the attempt to scale the skies was a sore disappointment, and may be said to have exposed the absurdity of this "most romantic enthusiasm." The lady of light sank in the estimation of her followers, who began to doubt the reality of her pretensions. The English people, all of them Methodists, and many of whom had placed their whole worldly means at the disposal of the

society, were reduced to beggary, and returned home loudly inveighing against the darker shades of Luckie Buchan's character, and the miseries she had entailed upon them by "her irreligious fooleries." The Sunderland tailor was the most violent, as he had additional cause for unbelief, having witnessed the failure of a pretended miracle in a time of severity, whereby Friend Mother promised to draw a supply of cash from heaven. They went to the summit of a neighboring hill, with a sheet held by the four corners, to receive the money; but the man tired before the golden shower fell, leaving madam alone, who upbraided him, when she came home with £5, for his want of faith. Mr. White, too, became arrogant and disrespectful, accused his spiritual mother of being a deceiver, debarred her from quitting the house, or receiving visitors, and, in a short time, was the means of breaking up the society. Quarrels ensued about the distribution of the funds, the treasurer's honesty was questioned, and on his claim of £85 being refused, he obtained a *fugæ* warrant against Mr. White and Mrs. Buchan, who were apprehended and laid in Dumfries jail. From this unpleasant situation they were liberated by the spontaneous generosity of Thomas Bradley, who lodged the sum claimed by Gibson, by way of bail, until the matter should be decided in due course of law. The decision of the sheriff went against the treasurer, as it appeared he had put his money voluntarily into the general funds of the society. Failing in this issue, Gibson impeached the luckless couple before the kirk sessions of Closeburn, for having carried on an improper intercourse. Several of the disaffected members were summoned as witnesses to establish the charge, but not appearing in court, the case was dismissed, although Andrew Innes afterwards admitted that "the fact of Mr. White and Mrs. Buchan sleeping together was never intended to be kept a secret in the society." Ultimately, Gibson returned to Irvine, to resume his occupation as a builder; his wife, however, refused to accompany him, because "like Judas, he had betrayed his mistress."

The county magistrates now became apprehensive lest, in the dilapidated condition of the society, its remaining members might fall a burden on the parish for support. To avert this danger, an order was issued that they should leave Dumfriesshire; and accordingly, on the 10th March, 1787, they moved off in a body from New Comple; their landlord, Mr. Davidson, supplying horses and carts for removing their bedding and furniture. They were under great alarm of a second attack, as crowds had assembled from various parts to witness, as they expected, the final dispersion of the society, and endeavor to recover their infatuated friends. But they were allowed to depart without much injury, though not quite unmolested, as we learn from Mr. White's poem on the occasion:—

"The tenth day of March, being closely impending,  
Like voracious hawks which the doves doth pursue,  
Or wolves, which the sheep and the lambs doth devour still,  
Came Closeburn's people God's course to undo,"  
&c.

The emigrants took up their next residence at Tarbreach, and afterwards at Auchergibbert, a small farm on the borders of Galloway, in Kirkpatrick Deeham parish, the lease being in Mr. White's name. There they had literally to begin



the world anew; and as they had never wrought for wages, a shower of money would have been of real service to them—their whole stock consisted of only one cow, a calf, two stirks purchased on credit, and a pair of old horses, gifted to them by Bradley and their former landlord—they had to erect the entire farm-steadings, which they accomplished themselves, there being builders, carpenters, and tin-smiths, as well as spinners and knitters, in the society. These expenses obliged them to take hire for their labor; the women spun yarn, at 3d. the hank—and the men went to harvest, at 8d. a day, with victuals. Luckie occasionally superintended “her bairns” personally in the fields; the deference they paid her was quite extravagant—they threw down their sickles, embraced each other, moved towards her with their heads uncovered, singing at the pitch of their voices the hymn “O hasten translation” to their favorite tune, “Beds of sweet roses;” and forming a circle, kneeling round her, she laid her right palm on the forehead of each, when they started up in succession, like automaton figures, raised by the pressure of internal springs. But it was in the kitchen that her maternal cares displayed themselves most usefully. Her prowess in cookery according to Innes, must have been miraculous, as she could turn simple fare into the most delicious dishes, make a few potatoes, carrots, or cabbages, with a handful of oat, or barley meal, feed upwards of forty persons daily—and produce “more palatable and substantial broth from a single spoonful of butter, than any other person could do with a whole joint of mutton and plenty of vegetables of the best description.”

The supernatural gift, however, that nearly rivals the miracle of the loaves and fishes, could not prolong the author's life beyond the natural time. The disobedience of her children, and especially the violent and uncourteous conduct of Mr. White, had broken her peace of mind and crushed her spirit. She rebuked their ingratitude and unbelief in bitter reproaches:—“Since I cannot prevent some of you going hell-ward, I will cast my body down in your way, and those who wish to do so may go over it.” Her declining health left no doubt of the result, however reluctant her followers might be to credit the possibility of her death; and after a severe illness she expired on the morning of the 29th March, 1791, in the seventh year of the Buchananite *Hegira*, or flight from Irvine. Her last breath was received by the group of devotees who stood in consternation around her bed, “all being greatly agitated, with the exception of Mr. White; nothing was then to be seen but the deepest emotions of distress—nothing heard but the unsubdued wailings of heart-felt sorrow.” Before becoming speechless, she had exhorted them to continue steadfast and unanimous in their adherence to her doctrines.

“She said they had received a convincing proof that she was the Spirit of God—that Christ was her elder brother, and that she was, consequently, the third person in the Godhead, or the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, she could not die; and though she would appear to do so, they needed not be discouraged, for she would only sleep; and if their faith was pure and without alloy, she would return for them at the end of six days. But if they still remained faithless she would not come back to take them to heaven till the end of ten years; and if they still continued unprepared, fifty years would elapse before she would reappear on the earth; but then, at all events, she would descend to convince the

faithless world of its error in supposing her to be only one of the false prophets mentioned in the 18th chapter of Deuteronomy.”

To this graduated scale of faith most of her disciples clung to the last. A rude coffin of boards, without being planed or blackened, was prepared, into which the body was laid, wrapped in a simple shroud; “and what was most singular, (says her devoted chronicler, Innes,) our hands, after touching her, emitted an odoriferous perfume, which spread over the room, as if we had been handling myrrh, or some other aromatic herb.” The greatest pains were taken to conceal the death, and strict orders given that no lamentation should be made, nor any appearance of funeral rites. That no obstacle might interpose to obstruct the ascension, the lid of the coffin was not nailed down; and instead of being carried to the grave, it was secretly removed at night to the barn. In his zeal to maintain his mistress' immortality, Andrew contrived to abstract the corpse the first night, and hid it “in a mow of corn,” to prevent its being buried. But fearing the rats might set upon it, and the trick being discovered, “he plainly told where he had concealed her.” A platform was then erected in the centre of the barn, on which the coffin was placed; and as the sixth day approached, the return of Friend Mother was waited for with breathless expectation. A second stratagem was now attempted to prove the fact of a veritable resurrection. The body being clandestinely removed by those who watched it, and a hole cut in the roof, exactly close where the corpse lay, “they next day told the rest of Luckie's deluded followers, that an angel had come and carried her away before their eyes; in proof of which they showed the aperture in the roof through which they had ascended.”

The two daughters of Mrs. Buchan had quitted the society two years before her death, in consequence of her rude treatment by Mr. White. Annoyed by the reports in circulation, some alleging the body was thrown into Auchergibbert loch, others that it was buried in the house under the hearth-stone, they applied to the sheriff to cause Mr. White to surrender the remains of their deceased parent. But the public agitation being great, it was deemed more advisable to have the corpse regularly buried; and accordingly, at the dead of night it was interred under the coffin of another in the church-yard of the neighboring parish, Kirkcubbin; the only individuals present or cognizant of the fact being Mr. White, Mr. Hill, and the steward depute, Sir Alexander Gordon, by whom the secret was disclosed thirty years afterwards.

The body, however, which had been carefully packed in feathers, was not allowed to remain long in its resting-place. White, Robertson, and Hill carried it away, and deposited it beneath the hearth-stone, in the kitchen of Auchergibbert. Thence it was removed, with all possible privacy, to their next abode, at Longhill, where it was enclosed in a large chest, previously used for holding the spare blankets of the society. Finally it was conveyed, like the bones of Joseph, to the last residence of the Buchananites, at Crocketford, near Castle Douglas, where it was kept many years, in a little abutment, or charnel-house, attached to the dwelling, and immediately behind the bed-room fire-place of Andrew Innes, who displayed a singular enthusiasm in the preservation of this sacred treasure. Twice every day in the year he regularly warmed the skeleton with a heated flannel cloth, which he

pushed through a hole, made on purpose, at the back of the grate directly above the coffin, into which it fell, and was carefully spread over the remains by this superstitious devotee, who had private access to them by a lock-door in his sleeping apartment. Daily did the old man pay his respects to this venerated mummy, with its dark brown skin cemented like parchment to the bones; and when he expired his last directions were, that the coffin, or packing-box, with its precious contents, should be interred with his own in the kail-yard, "on the left flank of the line of the graves of his former associates." Time had not dulled the edge of his fanaticism, and to the end he cherished his darling hope of translation without death, consoling himself with the pleasing reverie that "every night he slept in Friend Mother's house, and breakfasted every morning with her family."

The sequel of this strange record of human vice and folly is soon told. The death of the founder dispersed, but did not annihilate, the sect. White, whose zeal gradually subsided after the failure of the Templand Hill demonstration, and whose contempt for Mrs. Buchan increased so far as to lead him to assume the apostleship of the society himself, was the first to break up the concern. Farming added to his wealth and to his worldly-mindedness; and as Luckie waxed old his affection for her waned, and reverted to his wife and family. The disingenuous part he acted in first pretending that the dead impostor was only in a trance; and, when the delusion would no longer avail, having her clandestinely buried, that her votaries might believe that she had ascended to heaven, was the natural prelude to his recanting her doctrines altogether. Having disgusted his associates with his arrogance and hypocrisy, and providing for his worldly comforts as far as he could, he emigrated to America, in June, 1792, taking with him such members as could pay their passage, or be persuaded of his power to promote their interests in that country. His abortive attempt to become the leader of a new sect in Scotland, appears to have deterred him from setting up in that capacity to propagate his dreamy mysticisms in the new world. He adopted the profession of teaching; and when last heard of, he was school-master in a small village in Virginia, occasionally preaching to a few Universalists. His fellow-emigrants were all unfortunate, with one exception, Joseph Innes, Andrew's brother, who realized property to the amount of £8,000. George Hill, who had married Jean Gardiner, (Catherine's sister, and one of Robert Burns' many "darling Jeans,") became a bookseller in Baltimore, but was reduced to abject poverty by the failure of a shipping company. Mrs. Buchan's son had been long removed from the society; he entered the British naval service about the beginning of the French revolution, and was killed at the battle of Trafalgar.

The secession of Mr. White left a remnant of fourteen, who immediately removed to the neighboring farm of Larghill, a waste moor of four hundred acres, which they had leased at a rent of twenty guineas a year. There they were again obliged to erect a house, and support themselves by manual labor, the women spinning, and Duncan Robertson exercising his trade of wheel-making; no distinction in regard to the Sabbath being observed in carrying on their in-door work. The costume of the society, male as well as female, was cloth of their own manufacture, and all of a light green color. Being of small stature, this peculiar

dress gave them in their lonely moor more the appearance of a race of elves than human beings. All their farm utensils, barn and stable doors, carts, corn sacks, &c., were marked in large characters, "*Mercy's Property*," a device fallen upon to preserve the community of goods and chattels, in case of any one assuming, like Mr. White, authority over the rest.

When the farm (which once belonged to the famous persecutor, the Laird of Lag) was improved, the proprietor took it under his own management, which obliged the faithful remnant again to shift their quarters. Having purchased five acres of building ground, at Crocketford, at a cost of £900, they removed, in 1808, to their new premises, which were destined to be the final resting-place of the remaining members of the society. Many of them had paid the debt of nature, and were always buried in the *kail-yard*, ostensibly to prevent the graves being trodden by strangers, but more probably because no other burial ground would receive them. It was their rule to show no symptoms of grief, nor wear any of the usual badges of mourning.

Of the fourteen residuaries, two were interred at Larghill, the other twelve sleep under the green sward at Crocketford; Andrew and his partner (he refused her the name of wife) being the last survivors. Old Katie's shrivelled form must have been of grotesque appearance. Originally diminutive, the pressure of fourscore years had bent her down to the pigmy size of fifty inches. Her head, naturally large, was augmented by an incredible accumulation of caps and bandages, so as nearly to conceal her little hatchet face; the most conspicuous feature of which was a pair of black horn-mounted spectacles, with colored yarn wrapped round the bridge, to save the skin of her nose. Her attachment to Andrew was inalienable; her great anxiety being lest the timber soles of his clogs, as he sat with his feet on the ribs of the grate, might take fire and roast his legs before he could shift his chair. The old man survived her little more than a year; and with him the name, and race, and doctrines of the Buchanites became extinct. He was certainly the most devoted of all the adherents to this delusion. In defiance of all evidence, his belief remained unshaken in the anticipated resurrection of Friend Mother, and the reality of his own translation. The first decade came, and the fifty years elapsed without shaking his convictions; and when his end came, he met it with the firmness of a stoic, the hope of a martyr, and the credulity of a fool.

The details of the history of this sect furnish one of the most extraordinary instances of fanaticism, superstition, and profligacy, that modern times have to record. Its tenets were not calculated to win converts; it made not a single proselyte in Gallo-way, and was merely tolerated because its professors were civil and obliging neighbors.

It were easy to trace a striking resemblance between the mystical and blasphemous reveries of Mrs. Buchan and those of Ann Lee, Johanna Southcote, Jane Leadley, John Peterson, the Gortitz tailor, Behmen, the Heren-butters, Muggletonians, and scores of other semi-bedlamite reformers. There was no doubt, however, that the real prototype of Elspeth Simpson was Antoinette Bouvignon, whose heresies were flagrant in Banffshire, a few years before Mrs. Buchan was born. This celebrated fanatic excited no small disturbance with her religious pretensions in Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Denmark, being driven from city to city,

in consequence of her visionary and indelicate doctrines, until she at length died, in 1680, at Francker, in the province of Friesland. She was a great pretender to divine effusions, sacred elucidations, &c., and had her spiritual children, of whom she travailed in birth—her dear proselytes, M. de Cort, and Peter Poirer, a great master of the Cartesian philosophy. She carried a printing-press with her in all her wanderings, and published a vast number of books, stuffed with very singular doctrines; but the work by which she is best known in Scotland is, "*The Light of the World*," which was translated into English, with an apology, of which Dr. George Gordon, of Aberdeen, was alleged to be the author. It would be needless here to attempt any analysis of her wild, incoherent doctrines; they spread extensively at the time, and required the utmost vigilance of the General Assembly to extirpate. They are now, however, become obsolete, or only known as matter of record in the laws and proceeds of the church courts. Buchanism and Bouvignonism are alike extinct, destined to pass away like hundreds of other memorials of human folly and misguided religious feeling.

From the Life of Mrs. Jordan.

#### THE WESLEYAN AND THE ACTRESS.

DURING Mrs. Jordan's short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison. A small debt, of about forty shillings, had been increased in a short time, by law expenses, to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan had heard of the circumstance she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume,

"You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable."

The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow with her children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a kind of porch, dropping on her knees, and with much grateful emotion exclaimed,

"God forever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin."

The children, beholding their mother's tears, added, by their cries, to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold but with strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes. However, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner replied,

"There, there; now it's all over. Go, good woman; God bless you! Don't say another word."

The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure.

It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and he, holding out his hand, exclaimed with a deep sigh,

"Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord they were all like thee!"

The figure of this man bespoke his calling. His countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favorite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good-humor, retreating a few paces, she replied,

"No, I won't shake hands with you."

"Why?"

"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!"

"The Lord forbid! I am as you say, a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed, and do you think I can behold a sister fulfilling the commands of my great Master without feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?"

"Well, well; you are a good old soul, I dare say; but—I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you I am a player."

The preacher sighed.

"Yes, I am a player; and you must have heard of me. Mrs. Jordan is my name."

After a short pause he again extended his hand, and with a complaisant countenance replied,

"The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art. His goodness is unlimited. He has poured on thee a large portion of His spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together. The offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy and the disciple of John Wesley proceeded, arm in arm, to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying,

"Fare thee well, sister. I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be. Thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each, '*Thy sins are forgiven thee*.'"

PONTOONS FOR GENERAL SIR HARRY SMITH.—Sept. 11.—Two India-rubber pontoons have been sent down to Portsmouth from the royal engineer department, for the purpose of conveyance to the Vernon, which takes out Sir Harry Smith to the Cape of Good Hope. These pontoons were presented to the master-general of the ordnance by an American; they are portable; each of them forms three canoes, eighteen feet in length, and about seven feet in width, and on their being required for use they are filled with air. The process of inflation is by three bellows screwed on at each end of the canoes, and each takes about five minutes to fill it with wind, and when they are fited with rafters form a very buoyant bridge. These pontoons were exhibited to Sir Harry when he was at Chatham, and witnessed the late siege operations. On that occasion a six-pounder field-piece, with fifty men, were carried about the river for some time on these pontoons, and Sir Harry was so delighted with them, that on his return to London he made special application for them at the Board of Ordnance. It is the intention of Sir Harry Smith to use these pontoons in the Great Fish river. Captain Halloworth, of the royal engineers, goes out in charge of the pontoons, and six other engineer officers embark with the new governor for the cape.



From the Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine.

# AN INDIAN FAMILY IN THE OREGON TERRITORY.

ANY one accustomed to read books of travels, will find frequent references in them to the missionaries we have sent out into foreign lands. These are almost universally in favor of the missionaries. Indeed, in a long course of such reading, the only remarks I have ever met with that have been otherwise, have been all written by men who are evidently loose in their moral feelings as well as in their religious opinions.

To my mind, testimonies of this kind to these devoted men come with much greater force than any other. They may not be more deserving of credit than what we hear concerning them from the avowed friends of missions; but they *seem* more deserving of it, as coming from impartial, and sometimes reluctant witnesses, men who have no end to answer in the testimony they give, but only relate things as they themselves have seen them. They describe a missionary and his doings just as they describe a river and its windings, or a mountain and its cliffs—caring no more generally for the excellence of the one than for the beauty or magnificence of the other.

I send you, for the readers of your magazine, an extract from a volume of travels which has just come into my hands. It is written by an American, who appears to have gone into the much-talked of Oregon territory, on a tour of examination for the government of the United States. He is now in the heart of this territory, at the Rocky Mountains, where the foot of civilized man seldom treads, and where the native Indian is still for the greater part in a state of savage wildness. I must premise that the writer, as his book shows, is by no means a decidedly religious man.

"About three o'clock we came into the camp of a middle-aged Skyuse Indian, who was on his onward march from the buffalo hunt in the mountain valleys. Learning that this Indian was proceeding to Dr. Whitman's mission establishment, where a considerable number of his tribe had pitched their tents for the approaching winter, I determined to leave the cavalcade and accompany him there. My guide, Carbo, therefore, having explained my intentions to my new acquaintance, departed with the remainder of his charge for Ford Walla-walla.

"Crickie (in English, 'poor crane,') was a very kind man. Immediately after the departure of Carbo and his company, he turned my worn-out animals loose, and loaded my packs upon his own, gave me a splendid saddle-horse to ride, and intimated by significant gestures that he would go a short distance that afternoon, in order to arrive at the mission early the next day. I gave my assent, and we were soon on our way.

"Having made about ten miles at sunset, we encamped for the night. I noticed during the drive a degree of forbearance towards each other in this family of savages, which I had never before observed in that race. When we halted for the night, two boys, Crickie's sons, were left behind. They had been frolicking with their horses, and as the darkness came on lost the trail (the track.) It was an half-hour before they made their appearance, and during this time the parents exhibited the most affectionate solicitude for them. One of them was but three years old, and was lashed to the horse he rode; the other only seven years of age—young pilots in the wilderness at night! But the elder,

true to the sagacity of his race, had taken his course and struck the brook on which we had encamped, within three hundred yards of us. The pride of the parents at this feat, and their ardent attachment to their children were perceptible in the pleasure with which they received them at their evening fire, and heard the relation of their childish adventure.

"The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were beat, (beaten down,) and buffalo robes spread over them. Above these were laid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself, with his wife and children on one side, and myself on the other. A fire burned brightly in front. Water was brought, and our evening ablutions having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband, and another to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head, and prayed to God! 'A wandering savage in Oregon,' the American writer exclaims in admiration, 'calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ.' After the prayer he gave meat to his children, and passed the dish to his wife. While eating, the frequent repetition, in the most reverential manner, of the words 'Jehovah' and 'Jesus Christ,' led me to suppose they were conversing on religious topics, and thus they passed an hour. Meanwhile, the exceeding weariness consequent on a long day's travel admonished me to seek rest.

"I had slumbered I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. I was about rising to ascertain whether the sweet notes of Tallis' Chant which I heard came to these solitudes from earth or from sky, when a full recollection of my situation, and of the religious character of my host, easily solved the rising inquiry, and induced me to observe instead of disturbing. The Indian family were engaged in their devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Perces language. Having finished it they all knelt and bowed their faces on the buffalo robes, and Crickie prayed long and fervently. Afterwards they sang another hymn, and then retired to rest. This was the first breathing of religious feeling that I had seen since leaving the United States, (three months)—a pleasant evidence that the Oregon wilderness was beginning to bear the rose of Sharon on its thousand hills, and that on the barren soil of the Skyuse heart, were beginning to bud, and blossom, and ripen, the golden fruits of faith in Jehovah, and hope in an after state."

I know not what the feelings of your readers may be after perusing this narrative in its detached form, but if they read it as I did, among many revolting descriptions of ordinary Indian life, they would, I think, be feelings of delight and thankfulness; they would see, as I did, that the gospel of Jesus Christ is indeed a blessed gospel, and wonder at the little efforts they make to send it to heathen lands. The writer arrives the next day at the mission station, and gives a very pleasing account of what he saw there. The missionary and his wife, it is clear, are indefatigable in their labors for the good of the savage tribes around them, and happy and thankful among their labors and hardships. With reference to the latter, the author says, speaking of a pleasant meal he took with them, "When the smoking vegetables, the hissing steak, bread white as snow, and the newly-churned golden butter graced the breakfast-table, and the happy countenances shone around, I could with difficulty believe myself in a country so far distant from, and so unlike my native

land in all its features. But, during breakfast, this pleasant illusion was dispelled; our steak was of horse-flesh. On such meat this family subsist most of the time. It enables them to exist to do the Indian good, and this satisfies them." Crickie himself, the traveller, on his departure from the station, engages as his future guide, and when the poor fellow eventually falls sick and is left behind, he bears this strong testimony to him—"He was an honest, honorable man; and I can never think of all his kind acts to me from the time I met him on the plains beyond the Walla-walla mission, till I left him sick on the bank of the Columbia, without wishing for an opportunity to testify my sense of his moral worth in some way which shall yield him a substantial reward for all he suffered in my service."

A HYMN, AND A CHANT; FOR THE HARVEST-HOME OF 1847.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

A HYMN.

O NATION, Christian nation,  
Lift high the hymn of praise,  
The God of our salvation  
Is love in all his ways;  
He blesteth us, and feedeth  
Every creature of his hand,  
To succor him that needeth  
And to gladden all the land!

Rejoice, ye happy people,  
And peal the changing chime  
From every belfried steeple  
In symphony sublime;  
Let cottage and let palace  
Be thankful and rejoice,  
And woods, and hills, and valleys,  
Reëcho the glad voice!

From glen, and plain, and city  
Let gracious incense rise,  
The Lord of life in pity  
Hath heard his creatures' cries;  
And where in fierce oppressing  
Stalked fever, fear, and dearth,  
He pours a triple blessing  
To fill and fatten earth!

Gaze round in deep emotion:  
The rich and ripened grain  
Is like a golden ocean  
Becalmed upon the plain;  
And we, who late were weepers  
Lest judgment should destroy,  
Now sing, because the reapers  
Are come again with joy!

O praise the hand that giveth  
—And giveth evermore,—  
To every soul that liveth  
Abundance flowing o'er!  
For every soul He filleth  
With manna from above,  
And over all distilleth  
The unction of his love.

Then gather, Christians, gather  
To praise with heart and voice  
The good Almighty Father,  
Who biddeth you rejoice:  
For He hath turned the sadness  
Of his children into mirth,  
And we will sing with gladness  
The harvest-home of earth!

A CHANT.

O BLESS the God of harvest, praise him through the land,  
Thank him for his precious gifts, his help, and liberal love:  
Praise him for the fields, that have rendered up their riches,  
And, drest in sunny stubbles, take their sabbath after toil;  
Praise him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,  
And meadows, where the sweet-breathed hay was stacked in early summer,  
Praise him for the wheat-sheaves, gathered safely into barn,  
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the sounding flail;  
Praise him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,  
Praise him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant bitter;  
Praise him for the wholesome root, that fattened in the furrow,  
Praise him for the mellow fruits, that bend the groaning bough:  
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy store,  
For skill and labor prospered well, by gracious suns and showers,  
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the hearth,  
O happy heart of this broad land, praise the God of harvest!

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise Him for you,  
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your thanks:  
Trees, and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, gladdening the eyes with verdure,  
For all your leaves and flowers and fruits, we praise the God of harvest!  
Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on the air,  
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of mail,  
And steers, resting after labor, and timorous flocks afold,  
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the creaking wains,  
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,  
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the God of harvest!  
And ye, O some who never prayed, and therefore cannot praise;  
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and unilluminated night,  
Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your work,  
Who lay down late, but rendered no thank-offering for that blessing  
Which all unsought He sent, and all unknown ye gathered—  
Alas, for you and in your stead, we praise the God of harvest!

O ye famine-stricken glens, whose children shrieked for bread,  
And noisome alleys of the town, where fever fed on hunger—  
O ye children of despair, bitterly bewailing Erin,  
Come and join my cheerful praise, for God hath answered prayer:

Praise Him for the better hopes, and signs of better times,  
 Unity, gratitude, contentment; industry, peace, and plenty;  
 Bless Him that his chastening rod is now the sceptre of forgiveness,  
 And in your joy remember well to praise the God of harvest!

Come, come along with me, and swell this grateful song,  
 Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of the soil:  
 All ye that sowed the seed in faith, with those who reaped in joy,  
 And he that drove the plough afield, with all the scattered gleaners,  
 And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend the sheep,  
 And men that load the sluggish wain, or neatly thatch the rick—  
 Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your thrilling cheers,  
 But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad rejoicings,  
 And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-home,  
 And join this cheerful song of praise—to bless the God of harvest!

#### ROYAL REFLECTIONS.

SADLY sits old France at Neuilly, glum he waiteth for the Post;  
 Twirleth his moustache dark Joinville, till he twirls it off, almost;  
 Very gingerly the lackeys move about, with secret shrug—  
 Why so sad is all at Neuilly! Wherefore mournful every mug?

Not that, for Italian quarry, Austria sharpeneth beak and claw;  
 Not that Algiers sucketh millions into its rapacious maw;  
 Not that Frenchmen seem inclined to question if "*L'Etat c'est Moi*;"  
 Not that guests at public dinners give up crying "*Vive le Roi*."

Liberty, of course, is humbug; taxes—'tis the people pay;  
 Theories may be safely argued 'neath the "*enceinte continuée*."  
 If the royal health's forgotten, still the royal pocket's full;  
 The sheep are welcome to their baäing, so they render up their wool.

'Tis that he is vexed with shadows in the evening of his days;  
 A young queen's face, a wedded widow's, ever seems on him to gaze;  
 Lies, an ugly swarm, that he hath called to being with his gold,  
 Sins, that he hath fed and fostered, press in on him, blunt and bold;

And Napoleon's stony image frowns upon him through the air,  
 Holding up the cross of honor men are now ashamed to wear;  
 And France, a shade of scorn and sorrow, will not from his side depart,

Pointing with accusing finger to a fester in her heart!

Wonder not that such a sadness broods o'er Neuilly's pleasant room;  
 Wonder not that from the monarch's presence steals a blight and gloom;

Methinks, the chink of five-franc pieces only hollow music sends

To a proud man with no honor—to an old man with no friends.—*Punch*.

THE CLASSICO-MANIA.—We have been requested to enter our protest against a practice that now prevails of affixing classical inscriptions to modern English buildings. A sort of compromise is usually attempted by resorting to bad Latin, for the accommodation of those who can only read the mother-tongue, as the individual thrown into the company of a Frenchman, and not being able to say a word in French, met his companion half-way by talking broken English. A rich specimen has been furnished to us of an inscription on a Wesleyan Chapel, commencing "*Hujus Wesleyani sacelli fundamenta posita sunt a Georgio Green, Armigero, de Nigro Muro*." Wesleyani and Green are certainly not remarkable for the purity or elegance of their Latinity, and the attempt to elevate Blackwall, by turning it into *Niger Murus*, is as bad as the effort to give a lift to Turnham Green, by calling it *Verte eos Virides*. We might as well call Fleet street the *Via Rapida*, Houndsditch the *Fossa Canum*, and dignify our old friend Upper John street with the magnificent sounding title of *Via Superioris Johannis*! No! No! Let us call English things by English names; and if the dictionary is not comprehensive enough to accommodate all our countrymen, we will undertake to lengthen the language, at a half-penny for every substantive, a penny for a verb, and the rest of the parts of speech at sixpence a dozen, all round!—*Punch*.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.—The Duke of Athol begs to inform tourists, geologists, botanists, and the public in general, that his extensive estates in Blair Athol are shut up for the season. The duke has lately turned several sheep-farms into deer forests, and repose is absolutely necessary for the comfort of the animals. Great injury having recently been done to the duke's heather, and several persons having been observed breaking pieces off the duke's whinstone, offenders are hereby warned that all such depredations will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.—*Punch*.

THE NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.—The new postage stamps, intended principally for the pre-payment of foreign letters, were issued on Monday. They are of the value of 1s. each, the color being green, and the form octagonal, to distinguish them easily from the smaller denomination of postage stamps at present in use. These stamps may be used for inland as well as foreign postage, but they are chiefly intended for the postage of letters to the United States, India, China, the West Indies, New South Wales, New Zealand, and other places to which the postage is 1s. It is understood that other denominations of postage stamps are hereafter to be issued; and no doubt it will be found desirable to have a fourpenny or sixpenny stamp, to avoid the inconvenience of the long rows of stamps now frequently required on inland letters.—*Examiner*, 18 Sept.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

In days of yore, when the indiscreet advocates of the protective system were wont to proclaim their determination to force this policy upon the South, even if it should result in the dissolution of the Union, we endeavored to show them that this dissolution would destroy the prize for which they were contending. Will our southern friends listen to the same argument, which we copy from the Republican, Macon, Alabama?

## SAFETY OF THE SOUTH.

It is truth, worthy to be repeated, that there is no safety for the south, but to reject and repudiate the idea of acquiring territory. It is risking too much for too little. The advantages sought to be gained are insignificant in comparison to those that may be lost. Should the dreaded collision between the north and south take place, and the threatened issue be made, the initiative will devolve upon the south. And what will it do? Will it dissolve the Union? Have we duly considered and estimated the value of the Union? Are we prepared to surrender the compromises, guarantees, and protection of the constitution, and take our chance upon the broad sea of anarchy, and brave the appalling calamities that many ensue? The very institution we seek to extend is guaranteed and protected alone by that constitution we would overthrow. It is the only bar to northern interference with slavery. By it the north are compelled not only to protect the south against foreign interference, but to suppress domestic insurrection. So long as that instrument is regarded sacred, the "peculiar institution" of the south is safe from either foreign or domestic interference, and will remain unmolested under its present and legitimate jurisdiction. But if we should, from any cause, or by any means, divest ourselves of the security the constitution affords, there will remain no well-founded hope for the future in relation to the institution of slavery. In the event of the dissolution of the Union, even provided it could be amicably consummated, it can hardly be supposed that the two governments, which would be created could or would long remain friendly in their mutual relations. The same cause which would have brought about the dissolution would still exist to disturb all good understanding between the two governments. For instance: the slaves contiguous to the free states would have every inducement to abscond and take refuge among the people of the north, because there would no longer be a constitution or laws prohibiting the northern people from receiving and protecting them. That such would be the case, no one can for a moment doubt. Under such provocations, it would be morally impossible to preserve peace. War of the most relentless character would be the inevitable consequence, and slavery would hang like a millstone suspended to our necks, crippling our resources and paralyzing our energies. We could not successfully repel our enemies and at the same time control the slave population. Slavery would be as a magazine among us, to which our enemies would most assuredly apply the torch, and dreadful would be the explosion.

But suppose all the impending difficulties were for the time being smothered, and the territory acquired without restriction; it would have to be governed and provided for by the United States, whose

duty and province are to make such laws and regulations, as they may deem proper, among which there would certainly be a clause or provision prohibiting slavery. Thus the question will inevitably arise, and assume its hideous and portentous aspect. The contest will come, and if the north stands firm as it promises to do, the south must be overpowered, and slavery will be prohibited from the acquired territory. What will the south do? Will it dissolve the Union? Suppose it do; the power of the north to prohibit slavery in the territory will not therefore be impaired, but, on the contrary, would be exercised with greater rigor. We would lose the protection and security we now enjoy, without gaining admission into the coveted territory. It would be making a bad matter worse. Look at it as we will, the acquisition of Mexican territory is attended with difficulties and danger. Could the territory be obtained without restriction in regard to slavery, it would confer important advantages upon the south; but it cannot be so obtained. If it come at all, it must come with the proviso; or, at any rate, in such a manner as to be subject to the proviso hereafter. Thus, it will bring evils with it of incalculable magnitude—evils that will infinitely counterbalance all the advantages that could possibly be derived under the most favorable circumstances.

THE National Era, which is a thorough believer in the doctrine of State Rights, even holding that Ohio could introduce slavery into her borders if she pleased, and even agreeing with what we think the treasonable doctrine of Nullification, makes the following argument, which is well deserving of careful examination by the South as well as by the North. We have not sufficiently examined the legal question to be able to give an opinion.

## A DANGER TO BE AVOIDED—THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

THE advocates of the Wilmot Proviso, led away by their zeal for this measure, in the excitement of discussion are in danger of yielding a point of vital importance. Their whole struggle seems to proceed on the assumption, virtually made by their adversaries, and not denied by them, that slavery can be introduced, as a thing of course, into California and New Mexico, should the proviso be defeated. Important as we deem this measure, the assumption, we hold, is totally false, as we shall now proceed to show.

An American traveller or resident in England or France, may recover personal property—clothes, money, books, &c.—of which he is deprived by force or fraud. The municipal laws of those countries recognize such things as property, and provide a safeguard for them.

If an American carry his slaves to either country, for a day or a moment, the relation of slavery or property ceases instantly, and his slave becomes a freeman. The municipal law does not recognize human beings as property, and has provided no safeguards for such a tenure.

A citizen of Maryland, purchasing a farm in Pennsylvania, may drive thither his flocks and his herds, and continue to hold them there. But, if he carry his slaves into that state, his property in them ceases, and they become freemen. The municipal law recognizes property in beasts, but not in men.

Should a citizen of Kentucky, after having settled in Indiana with his slaves, return with them to the former state, and undertake to continue them in slavery, the courts of Kentucky will hear an application for their freedom, and on proof of their having been settled in Indiana, by their claimant, discharge them as free.

Citizens of Louisiana, bringing back to that state persons who have become free by being taken to France, cannot hold them as slaves under the laws of Louisiana. The courts in that state have decided this point.

It is an established principle, sustained by the highest judicial decisions, that a slave, carried by the will of his master into a free state, ceases from that moment to be a slave; it being universally admitted that this case is not provided for in the constitution, which has guarded the right of a master only in the case of a slave *escaping from* the state where he is held, *into* another state. Prior to the adoption of this clause, the master of a slave had no legal right to reclaim him, whether he *escaped*, or was *taken* from the state in which he was held.

Before the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, slaves of the southern states of this Union were shipwrecked, or driven by stress of weather, upon their shores, and liberated. Indemnity was demanded by our government, and yielded, on the ground that slavery was recognized by the municipal laws of the colonies. Since the act of abolition, indemnity for slaves liberated on entering or being driven into their ports despite the will of their owners, has been peremptorily refused, on the ground that the municipal law had ceased to recognize the right of property in man.

The South Carolina abstractionists are indignant at the inequality to which their institutions are attempted to be subjected by the Wilmot proviso. Rather than submit to such inequality, they prefer the dissolution of the Union and civil war. This is extreme folly. The inequality of which they complain relates solely to one "institution," as they call it—slavery—and it already exists from the very nature of the case. The right of property in a human being is repudiated by every country in Europe, with the exception of Russia and Spain. We do not except France, because she has already adopted the principle of abolition, and the sole question before her government now, in relation to slavery, is one of *time* not *principle*. It is repudiated by fifteen states of this Union. It has been treated as an exception, entitled only to exceptional safeguards, by the constitution of the United States, which recognizes the master's right no further than as its exercise may be necessary to secure a slave *escaping from one state into another*. It has been treated as an exception, not entitled to an equality of privilege with other rights, by the act of the government prohibiting it altogether in the Northwest territory; by the act of congress restricting its introduction into the Louisiana territory; by the act excluding it from all that portion of the same territory lying north of 36½ degrees; and by the joint resolution of congress for the annexation of Texas, prohibiting the right above the same degree.

The municipal laws of Europe and of one half this Union; the international laws of Christendom, so far as the usages of nine tenths of Christendom can make law; the constitution of the United States; four distinct acts of the general government, and the decisions of the highest courts in the southern states, have fixed upon slavery the brand

of *Inequality*! They all assume that it is an exception to natural right; that it can have only exceptional privileges and safeguards; that it exists and can exist only by positive law; and that whatever privileges are accorded to it cannot be taken for granted, but must be expressed in positive terms, which then are to be construed always with strictness.

Slavery, in any state, is an institution of that state, standing alone upon positive or municipal law, if it stand upon any law. This is the ground, if we understand the state-rights men of the south, which they assume. They claim that slavery is a state institution, not created by congress, not deriving its existence from general usage, not standing upon the common law, but created and sustained by the municipal laws of the state in which it exists; in all of which we entirely concur.

They claim, further, that the general government is one of grants—has no inherent, but simply delegated powers. We agree with them. They claim that congress is not omnipotent—is not a British parliament—can exercise no power not conferred in express terms by the federal constitution, or necessary to the exercise of a power which is thus conferred. We agree with them. They hold that congress, therefore, cannot construct a railroad or a canal through Ohio, for the benefit of that state, because such a work is beyond the charter of its powers. We agree with them. They hold, for the same reason, that congress cannot abolish or create slavery in the states. We agree with them.

But we hold that congress cannot create slavery either in state or territory—no power to do this being conferred, or necessary to the exercise of any one that is conferred. If not insincere in their creed, they must agree with us, as we agreed with them. They must take this step, or retrace every step they have taken. And, if they be candid, they shall go one step further. Whatever may be said against the applicability to the legislative or judicial powers of a state, of the restrictions imposed on power, and for the protection of right, by the guaranties of the federal constitution, it must be admitted that these restrictions apply, in all their force, to every department of the federal government—executive, legislative, and judicial. Deny, if you please, that the guaranty of the people to be secure in their "persons, houses, papers, and effects," against unreasonable searches and seizures, and against arrest, except in pursuance of warrants issued "upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation," has anything to do with the action of an executive or a legislature of a state, in relation to the people of that state; still, all will admit that it effectually restricts the exercise of power by any department of the general government. To provide the people a safeguard against its usurpations, was, in fact, the primary object of the clause. But the same constitution provides that—

"No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war, or public danger; nor shall any person be subject, for the same offence, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall he be compelled, in any criminal case, to be witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

Deny that this provision controls in any way the action of the state legislature or judiciary; still you

cannot for a moment question that "it absolutely controls the action of congress and the federal executive and judiciary." No department, nor all the departments of the federal government united, can deprive any person of his liberty, property, wages, without due process of law. No due process of law can be directed to the accomplishment of such an object, unless crime has been committed. Hence this clause of the constitution positively prohibits the general government from creating slavery.

But, were not this reasoning sound, our argument, drawn from the total want of power in congress, under the constitution, to create slavery, would remain unanswerable by any state rights man.

Whether this view, or the one just presented, or both, extorted from F. P. Blair, of this city, the following remarks, we know not; but one portion of them fully corroborates our position.

At a meeting of the Jackson Association in this city, on the 6th, to consider the death of Silas Wright, F. P. Blair submitted an address, from which we quote the following rather remarkable passage:

"It has been said that Mr. Wright originated the movement on the slave question made by Mr. King, of New York, and which Mr. Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, incorporated in the proviso which has taken his name. A letter received from Mr. Wright by a friend in this city, when the suggestion was first made known to him, refutes the assertion. He had no share in the origination of the measure, whatever may have been his views in regard to its introduction. Mr. Wright's doctrine, we believe, was that of the constitution—non-interference on the part of the federal government with the domestic institutions existing among the people of states in, or coming into, the Union. If this principle be correct, congress cannot extirpate slavery where it exists, nor create it where it does not exist. Legislation on the subject belongs to the state immediately affected by it. Hence it would result, that South Carolinians and Californians have an equal right to maintain the law establishing the family relations existing in each state, respectively."

We have established two positions:

1st. That slavery, not being recognized by the common law, but being contrary to natural right, can exist only by positive statute or municipal law; that, by the law of nations, the municipal laws of Europe, generally, the laws of fifteen states of this Union, the constitution of the United States, and the highest courts of the country, north and south, it is regarded and treated as an exception, entitled to no privileges but such as are guaranteed by express law.

2d. That the congress of the United States cannot create slavery.

The next point to be stated—for it is not necessary to prove what all admit to be true—is, that slavery is prohibited in California and New Mexico. By a decree proclaimed by the President of the United Mexican States, September 15, 1829, it was decreed:

"1. That slavery be exterminated in the republic.

"2. Consequently, those are free who to this day have been looked upon as slaves."

California and New Mexico are, therefore, by their fundamental law, free territory. No one pretends that slavery can be introduced in either, as they now exist. Suppose, by the treaty of peace

now in process of negotiation, they should be ceded to this country, they become territories of the United States, under the exclusive jurisdiction of congress.

Now, if the three positions we have taken be true, slavery cannot be introduced into either territory. If it be a local institution, depending alone upon local law, not recognized by the common law, but expressly ruled to be contrary to natural right, it can acquire no legal claim by being smuggled into these free territories. If the laws of California and New Mexico be supposed to continue in force till the United States provide them a code, it can derive no sanction from them, because they prohibit it. If congress frame for them territorial governments or laws, it has no power, as we have seen, to create slavery. It would therefore be absolutely impossible to introduce slavery there, unless it be assumed that the laws of the states in which it is established have extra-territorial force to such an extent, as to override the jurisdiction of congress in United States territory!

Let the slaveholder carry his slaves, then, into either territory, and unless congress pass a law creating the tenure of property in them—an act beyond its power—the slaves would become free of right, and all that would then be necessary would be for the persons held as slaves to sue for damages or wages, as the case might be, before the United States courts.

The adversaries of the Wilmot proviso may inquire—"If you believe all this, if this be the true state of the case, why, then, insist upon the proviso?" The reply is easy. Do you concur with us? Do you believe that this is the true state of the case? If so, why resist so fiercely the passage of a resolution simply declaring that a thing *shall* not be, which you believe *cannot* be? If you do not thus believe—and the evidence is sufficiently strong that this is the fact, or that you have resolved to smuggle slavery into these territories contrary to all law—then you at least must acknowledge the importance of the proviso. So insidious have been the encroachments of slavery, and with such tenacity she clings to her usurpations, imposing upon the popular mind the delusion that they are sustained by law, that we wish to make assurance doubly sure, and, by a timely measure, show, in advance, the resolve of the non-slaveholders of the country to maintain freedom intact where already it is the fundamental law of the land. But, should we be defeated in this measure, we warn the propagandists of slavery that they shall have no peace; that no usurpation of theirs shall receive recognition from us; that, should they insinuate slavery into the new territory, we shall continue to denounce it as an infamous fraud; step by step, we shall struggle against them, invoking the press, the pulpit, the ballot-box, for their overthrow; appealing from the parties which they have used, and the sects they have silenced, to the people, whose eyes they cannot blind forever, and whose power they shall yet feel.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Gazette and Times gives us a beautiful thought of Burns:

I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's house, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took



up the question with all the ardor and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy.

The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long since escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns, with his characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw new light into my mind, I shall never forget.

Man, said he, is the god of the dog. He knows no other, he can understand no other; and see how he worships him. With what reverence he crouches at his feet; with what love he fawns upon him; with what dependence he looks up to him; and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his god, and the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service, and these powers and faculties are exalted by the intercourse. It ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dogs put the Christians to shame.

THEY say, "When you wish to beat a dog, it is easy to find a stick."—See how they treat a fellow-creature in the British Provinces; our authority is Sam Slick:

A RUM FELLOW.—"Lawyer," addressing himself to Barclay, "did you ever hear of Andrew Wallace seizing a man that was drunk, and putting him up at auction? I must tell you that story. Squire Wallace, was a captain in the militia; and one day, after training was over, and just before the men were dismissed from parade, he took a guard with him, and made a prisoner of Pat Sweeney, who was a most powerful drinker—drank as much at a time as a camel a' most. 'Pat,' says he, 'I seize you in the king's name!' 'Me!' says Pat, scratching his head, and looking abroad, bewildered like; 'I'm not a smuggler!—Touch me if you dare!' 'I seize you,' says he, 'for a violation of the excise law, for carrying about you more than a gallon of rum without a permit, and to-morrow I shall sell you at auction to the highest bidder. You are a forfeited article, and I could knock you on the head and let it out, if I liked; so no nonsense, man!' And he sent him off to gaol, screaming and screeching like mad, he was so frightened. The next day Pat was put up at vendue, and knocked down to his wife, who bid him in for forty shillings. It's generally considered the greatest rise ever taken out of a man in this country."

WE submit to the State Conventions of the different parties, the following story from the St. Louis Reveille:

I must tell you of a curious *echo* we heard while lying on the Naples flats. The orders of the captain to the crew given from the upper deck, and the reports of the soundings on the flats, ("two feet scant") were heard repeated among the tall trees on the eastern shore, without the slightest variation. Some of the passengers, observing this curious effect, began to call out in various tones to Mr. Echo, and they were always favored with a repetition of the question asked, or the latter part of it. Hear some specimens:

"Hullo the shore!"

Echo—"Hullo the shore!"

"How are you?"

Echo—"How are you?"

"Shall we stay here all night?"

Echo—"Stay here all night!"

"Tell me if Gen. Scott has entered Mexico."

Echo—"Scott has entered Mexico."

"Hurrah for your good news!"

Echo—"Hurrah for your good news!"

"Who'll be the next president?"

Echo—"Zachary Taylor!"

"Well, that is a curious echo, sure enough," exclaimed an elderly lady, who was rocking herself on the after guard, and smoking a pipe at the same time. We were all somewhat startled by this unexpected answer to the question concerning the next presidency; but after a short pause the questions were resumed:

"What is the price of corn?"

Echo—"The price of corn."

"What was the reason that Pratt and Campbell did n't fight?"

Echo—"Pratt and Campbell did n't fight."

"What are you doing out there?"

Echo—"CATCHING CATFISH!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Echo—"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho! ho!"

Thus ended the *cat-echism*. A sucker was discovered sitting on a log, down at the point, quietly pursuing his evening sports and brushing off the mosquitoes. Some of the answers had evidently been given by him.

A CORRESPONDENT of the National Era, whose letter is dated Sussex Co., Virginia, thus describes that region:

The melancholy pine is springing up in deserted fields. As you pass along, you see a gate unhinged: the path leading to that house, with its crumbling chimney and sashless windows, is grown up with thin, pale grass. Of many an old settlement, nothing remains but the well with its broken bucket, and a few neglected graves. Such a country is full of the poetry of desolation. There is nothing in it new or noisy. In all points it is the contrast of the rushing, turbid world of the west. Everything is still. Nobody makes haste. The white sands gleam in the hot sunshine; vegetation creeps up slowly through a lean soil. The dark creeks steal through gloomy forests, as if afraid of the rustling of a leaf. You travel in the woods through a long, sad avenue of pines, where the road is but wide enough for one carriage, no one dreaming of the possibility of meeting another equipage.

WE copy part of a letter from the Journal of Commerce, a vivid picture:

The attack upon Churubusco, which closed the operations of the day, was a scene of thrilling interest. The place was defended by at least 27,000 Mexican troops. Their whole force in the morning amounted to 32,000 men, of whom 5,000 may have been killed, taken, or dispersed, in the affairs of Contreras and San Antonio, in the earlier part of the day. The remainder were posted behind two strong field works—one of them enclosing a large stone church. Our troops making the attack did not exceed one fourth the number of the enemy. The conflict lasted two hours and three quarters, during the whole of which time the deafening roar of artillery and small arms was continuous and tremendous, such as no man present ever before witnessed. It was a time of awful suspense, but the issue was not for a moment doubtful. When it was over, the general-in-chief (Scott) rode in among the

troops. It would have done your heart good to hear the shout with which they made the welkin ring. Several old soldiers seized the general's hands with expressions of enthusiastic delight. Suddenly, at a motion from his hand, silence ensued, when, in the fulness of his heart, he poured forth a few most eloquent and patriotic words, in commendation of their gallant conduct. When he ceased, there arose another shout that might have been heard in the grand plaza of Mexico. During this thrilling scene, I looked up to a balcony of the church that had been so bravely defended. It was filled by Mexican prisoners. Among them Gen. Rincon, a venerable old soldier, was leaning forward, his countenance glowing, and his eyes sparkling with every manifestation of delight. I verily believe that the old veteran, with the spirit of a true soldier, upon beholding a victorious general so greeted by the brave men he had just led to victory, forgot, for the moment, his own position—that he was defeated and a prisoner—and saw and thought only of the enthusiasm by which he was surrounded.

How unanswerable, and how beautiful is the argument contained in this notice by the accomplished editor of the literary department of the *Christian Inquirer*!

LITTELL'S *LIVING AGE*, No. 176, has an article from the *North British*, which we should abuse, (if we had time,) as containing some of those implied slanders which are the meanest of all, against women who venture upon fields which the lords of creation have chosen to consider as exclusively their own. The idea that a woman devoted to astronomical studies is likely to be a worse wife and mother than one devoted to dress and show, never was sincerely entertained by any man whose opinions on

any other subject were entitled to a hearing; but this and similar *sadaises*, are broadly insinuated in the *Review*, apropos to the novels of the Countess Hahn Hahn, whom the reviewer affects to consider as a fit representative of literary women—a "mistake on purpose," we suspect.

WE are very willing that the Presbyterians should give good measure, but do not choose to give up to party what is meant for mankind; and so copy for the use of the Church Catholic the following piece from the Presbyterian:

WHAT A PRESBYTERIAN SHOULD DO.—We sincerely hope that the following hint may not be needed by any reader of our paper; but if there be one Presbyterian within the compass of our circulation who likes to drive a hard bargain, and who, to pick up an odd penny, would screw down his measure to the extreme verge, so as barely to escape the charge of fraud, we will, perhaps, do him a service by bringing the following paragraph under his eye:

"When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer of the Presbyterian: 'God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' Think of this, friends, but one journey through the world!"—*James Simpson*.

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